

mighty meetings. Wishing to be the gainer by this information, I appeared to consent to join them, but could be at that moment have discovered my treacherous designs, his stilettoe would have been buried in my heart.

"All that I had learned, I carried to the Doge, and he already thinking his power giving way, offered me large sums of gold, if I would murder, aye, murder the noble Francesco and his band. That was all my rapacious soul wished; I already saw the confiscated estates of the conspirators, in my possession, and that very night, at the head of a band of soldiers, I forced my way to where they were assembled—and, God of heaven! amid the hecatombs of their fathers, murdered them all; even the noble and generous Francesco; since then, like Cain, I have wandered upon the face of the earth, with the horrible thoughts of being a murderer; and the murderer of one, who, in my younger years, I was proud of calling my friend. What worlds would I give, could Francesco be but here to—oh how could I ask his forgiveness, as—

"He does forgive thee," cried the monk, embracing Bertuccio, "I am what once was Di Loria, and from my heart, I forgive thee all!"

"What do I hear," exclaimed Bertuccio, "thou, thou Francesco di Loria!—oh do not deceive me, or thou wilt madden me."

"Marco, be calm and hear me," said di Loria, "when you stabbed me in the burial vault, the blow aimed by a guilty hand, did not take effect; being merely stunned; I soon recovered, in body but never in mind; it was the deathblow of all my hopes; and having nothing earthly to fix my attention upon, in the gloom and silence of a chamber I have passed my days in peace."

After some conversation, Bertuccio proceeded with his confession: "Following your lead, the Doge rewarded me, as he had promised; but a year after, I was dragged before the holy tribunal; tried, condemned, and banished for years; I found a refuge under the banners of the Infidel, and with the blood of many a christian on my scymetar, have wandered friendless and forsaken, but I die in peace."

His soul passed to its eternal resting place, but not a stone marked his grave. He that was born in a Venitian Pallazzo, and was nursed amid the the powerful Bertuccio's and Di Loria's, died in the hovel of a low born Syrian.

Years passed on, and when the cross was again trampled beneath the feet of the Arabian conqueror, and when once more the crescent shone above the holy city—deep in the vaults of the monastery of St. John of Jerusalem, was seen a white marble tomb, with but this inscription—

"HIC JACET—  
FRANCESCO DI LORIA."

OMEGA.

When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an object of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from railery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleased upon himself.—*Steele*.

No man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

From the Blackwood's Magazine for Aug.

## THE WATER LILY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—[*Lights and shadows of Scottish Life*.]

Oh! beautiful thou art.  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River Queen!  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene,  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave,  
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head!  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread,  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower?  
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,  
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast,  
Through every nerve, yetrooted deep and fast,  
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith—  
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light!  
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,  
Through the storm's breath!

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts!  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie,  
Till something there of its own purity,  
And peace be wrought.

Something yet more divine!  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed,  
Form not my breast upon the river's end,  
As from a shrine.

## Oft in the Stilly Night.

BY MOORE.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles and tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken:  
The eyes that shone  
Now dimm'd and gone;  
The cheerful hearts now broken.  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in winter weather,

I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## KENTUCKY SPORTS.

It may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsman of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of that state.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation, lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins, was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The richness of its soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffaloes and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new state, assured that in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. They who have witnessed the industry and perseverance of the emigrants, must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. The cattle would often stray amid the rich pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called stations. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordina-

ry kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy, was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for their encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guided their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and, under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding; and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods, some perhaps hopped, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck, to guide the owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, gentle reader, that in those times a boat of thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that in this boat men, women and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry, for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, while themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats con-

tained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians, under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that now happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *hark off* squirrels, one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the success of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined!

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle-sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that state.

Several individuals, who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it over. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot that comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooter amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who *drive the nail* have a further

trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *driving the nail*.

*Barking off Squirrels* is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky river, until we reached a piece of flat land thinly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and, before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green river, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of

the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly peopled portion of the state, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or despatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the state is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

### TO A LADY.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee;  
Its summer flowers are thine;  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee;  
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—  
The death-dirge of the gay—  
That tells ere dawn of morrow,  
Those charms may melt away;  
That sun's bright beam be shaded;  
That sky be blue no more,  
The summer flower be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely  
The winning home may be;  
Though beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea;  
Though time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild flower wreath of feeling—  
The sunbeam of the heart.

From the New York Mirror.

### THE MINATURE.

In all her youth and loveliness,  
She lies before me now;  
The same bright curls of shining hair,  
Upon her sunny brow.  
The witching look, the soft blue eye,  
The lip of laughing glee,  
And the blush that burned upon her cheek,  
And the smile I loved to see.  
The round white arm is still the same,  
Embraced with jewelled band,  
And the taper fingers seem fresh with life,  
As you mark the lily hand;  
And the painter's skill hath caught the hue  
Of the roses in her hair,  
They are pale with envy's withering blight,  
Out-blomed by maiden fair.

She moved amid the young and gay,  
Within the lighted hall,  
And she seemed among a thousand girls,  
The fairest of them all.  
It was the last time that we met,  
The hours flew swiftly by,  
And I never deemed a star so bright  
So soon would leave the sky.

She was too pure for weary earth—  
She might not live to feel  
The sadness that should cloud her brow,  
And o'er her spirit seal;  
And in life's young hour she faded,  
Like all cherished things below,  
A bud may wither on the stem,  
E'er yet the roses blow.

Ye may gaze upon this pictured thing,  
And praise the beauty rare,  
Of her speaking eye, and laughing lip,  
And curls of shining hair;  
But you know not half the gentleness  
That dwelt within a breast,  
Where the sorrowing might relieve their woes,  
Where the startled dove might rest.

O, there never moved on earth a form,  
Of more bewitching grace,  
Or a kinder heart, whose gentle thoughts  
Illum'd a fairer face;  
But they all are hid within the grave—  
Bright smile and sunny brow,  
And nought is left but this pictured thing  
That lies before me now.

### THE STAGEMAN'S HORN.

Written by a lady in the country to her husband in town.

Oh! say not the horn has no musical notes,  
Its sound is delightful to me,  
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,  
For it brings me a letter from thee.

The little ones joyful all gather around,  
Their pretty eyes sparkle with glee,  
Exclaim, as they hear the ev'ling sound,  
"Oh, mother! a letter for thee."

A magic there is in that sweet little word,  
Delightful to age and to youth;  
In absence, what joy does a letter afford,  
When filled with affection and truth.

That thine are thus filled, dear Howard, my heart  
Ecstasied delights to confess:  
I open, and read them, and dwell on each part  
With a transport I cannot express.

Then say not the horn has no musical notes,  
Its sound is delightful to me,  
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,  
For it brings me a letter from thee. *N. Y. Mirror.*



From the Saturday Evening Post.

# THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Behold the babe

Wrapp'd in a mantle, in the manger laid,  
The shepherds shouting round him: see him then  
The great Redeemer of a fallen world,—  
The Saviour of mankind.

The brilliant orb which arises on this memorable morn, shedding light upon a benighted world, is a type of that more glorious luminary, which arose in beauty on Bethlehem—and went down in blood on Calvary. Behold the infant Saviour! Behold the herald of Heaven and the harbinger of hope and future happiness! Behold the great emancipator of a wicked world! Methinks I see the shouting shepherds flying to and fro, with the glad tidings that a child is born whose virtues shall bequeath to them the rich inheritance of hereafter. Methinks I see the admiring multitude, crowding round the manger to catch a glimpse of that glorious Being, who had come into the world not to propagate his Gospel like Mahomet, with the sword, but with his blood to baptize all nations.

What a destiny is his! Born in a land of peace, and nursed in the lap of persecution, we behold him at one time the pride of the pulpit, adorned with all the dignity of a man, and with all the glory of a God, every knee bowing before him, and every heart paying the tribute of its homage; while at another, we see him the scorn, the scoff and mirth of the multitude, his head covered with a crown of thorns, his temple a dungeon, and future destiny a lingering and ignominious death on the cross. But he trembled not at the taunts of the multitude, or the tyranny of the magistrate. Magnanimous amid the ruin that surrounded him, he stood the hope of this world, and the harbinger of a better, welcoming the bitter cup that contained the price of universal emancipation. He crouched not at the footstool of power, nor fed and fattened on the plundered property of the people, but he came as a father to the fatherless, a pattern to the rich, a pastor to the poor, as a balm to the blind, and a beacon to the benighted and forlorn. In a word, he came to save the sinner and redeem the world. The accumulated calumnies of the wicked and the worthless, the arrows of envy, and the daggers of defamation fell harmless against the breast plate of his piety, and the world's passions, instead of stirring him to revenge, only roused him to the exercise of virtue, and to the promulgation of the Gospel which he came to establish. A man of sorrow and suffering, he appealed not to the passions and prejudices of the multitude—he offered not his blessing to the Pagan priest as the pay for his apostacy from the faith of his fathers, but he taught a morality and a religion purer than the pages of Socrates, and Seneca, a doctrine fraught with the noblest precepts, and practice that ever served as a pattern and a model for man. He sought not to dazzle the imaginations of men, with the splendors of elo-

quence or the pomp of philosophy; he drew not his morality from the temples of Grecian genius or his inspiration from the tombs of Roman learning; superior to all, and opposed to that system from whence the Kantian philosophy sprung, he breathed but the inspired spirit of his Father.

What an object of admiration! With all the grandeur of a God, and with all the mind of a man, at one moment refuting the learned Doctors in the temple, and at another, mingling with and comforting his fellow creatures in wretchedness and rags. To him the petty distinctions of mankind were nought but mockery—alike to him was the pomp of earthly power and the pride of penury—alike to him the rags of the beggar, and the crimson robes of royalty—alike to him the grandeur of wealth, the boast of birth, the mansion of the monarch, and the cottage of the plebeian. Alike to him the humble and the haughty, alike to him the pompous and the poor. In the spirit of his divinity he dashed the golden crown from the head of guilty greatness, bade tyrants tremble on their thrones, and drew from the solitude of poverty the Apostles of his church and his Gospel. He was no titled tyrant or imaginary monarch, tricked out in gaudy magnificence to dazzle and degrade a horde of slaves, pleased with the chains which rattled on the limbs of liberty. Far different was his glory and his grandeur, upon his manly lips hung the hallowed accents of religion and Gospel law—his regal robes were innocence and peace, his weapon was his word, and his throne and sceptre were the hearts and hopes of men. With the light of faith he dissipated the illusive landscape of human error, and with the sword of truth he trampled to the dust, the splendid Pantheon of Pagan idolatry. The darkness which surrounded their golden Gods and their Gospel, was dissipated by the dawn of that day which shed brilliancy and beauty on the purity and the practice of piety. In the urbanity of his benevolence, he led the van of victorious emancipation, he decked his brow with the garland of glory, with the wreath of every religion, and filled his army with the soldiers of every sect, and every clime. But he forged no fetters, he lit no fires for those who refused to bow to his decrees and obey his decalogue. Unlike the monarchs of the earth, he pleased not the eye of the world with the pomp of his power, and yet at the magic of his word, the mighty waves of the ocean in its anger were stayed, and while it obeyed him he walked upon its surface with a dignity that adorned him, and with a faith that never failed.

The hideous heart of Judas, actuated by the gluttony of gold, betrayed the Redeemer of mankind. How short was the transition from the cradle to the cross! Behold the insulted Saviour of the world, rudely beaten and basely scourged! Behold him on the cross, gashed with gushing wounds, and suffering all the agonies of outraged humanity, with all the unbent and unbroken spirit of a God, now commending his soul to his Father, and now calling for mercy on those who were cruelly baptizing him in blood. He was indeed the great martyr of man-

kind, for the first drop of gore that gushed from his wounds, sealed that redemption which the Prophets had foretold, and his death fulfilled. The mighty multitude grow giddy while they gaze and glut their senses on the sufferings of an expiring Saviour. There are none but a few followers to vindicate his violated honor. Behold his blanched and bruised brow! Behold his sunken sockets, and his visage pale! No vile passion is depicted there—revenge sits not enthroned on the martyred brow it has butchered—anger lights not the eye, nor curls the lip which once beamed with moderation and blessed with mercy and love. Oh no, the angel dove-like peace sits there the herald of the happiness he came to bestow on degenerate men.

Ah see! he has bowed his head and died! With the word of life upon his lips, and the blessing of Heaven in his heart, he has met death from the dart of the assassin, and perished to perpetuate the boon he bequeathed. The prophecies are fulfilled and man redeemed. In the moment he became a conqueror, he became a corse. Thus to reclaim sins, and soften the condition of man, the great mediator withered from the world. No sooner had the spirit of the glorious victim vanished, than the great triumph was announced. The sun blushed and buried his face in the gloom of midnight, while the marble jaws of the tomb were rent asunder and rolled forth the dead who had slumbered for ages on the pillow of their repose, to walk the earth, startled from their deep damp vaults by the agonies of an expiring God. In that awful hour the key of Heaven's happy portal, and of Hell's inexorable doors was placed in the hand of man. In that awful hour man became the arbiter of his own choice, whether to be doomed to the dark dungeons of the lower world, or rise to the sublime palaces and gardens of God—whether to be entombed amid the burning wreck of human crime, or wander in the flowery fields and pleasant plains of Palestine.

No garlands adorned his grave, and no tears save those of women, bedewed the place of his repose. His few followers alone wept over his death, and worshipped his divinity—they alone mourned over his wounds, and admired his wisdom. Jesus Christ was a martyr to the very immortality of man, for his Gospel, the glorious mantle of his memory, fell upon us all. Precious and imperishable was that legacy of his love. Treasured in the heart, it has become the brightest gem on the brows of beauty, at once the refuge of the wretched, the solace of society, the charm of solitude and the amulet of age, of anguish and despair. His very tomb became a temple, and his relics and resurrection confounded skepticism, which in vengeance, though in vain, attempted to rise upon his ruin, and make him the scourge and scorn of all mankind. Even when enveloped in the gloomy garb of the grave—even when the doom of death had passed, and the glorious intercessor no longer blushed and bled for the sins of his enemies—even when piety and affection in the angel garb of woman, alone wept and mourned at the door of the sacred sepulchre—even then his spirit triumphed in the doc-

trine which his death had achieved. Even then his Gospel was destined to become the glory of the world, a solemn and sublime moment of his merits, and the glorious monument of his mercy, which neither Pagan superstition could pollute, nor all the revolutions of time could blast or obliterate. Inspired with the spirit of that wonderful Being who sits throned in gold, and in whose sight

"Vast worlds hang trembling,"

the Gospel became more imperishable than the pillars of the universe, and though all the rays of persecution have been concentrated upon it, in the language of a great classic, they served but to illumine but could not consume.

He has left behind the light of his glorious intellect to linger among men, at once the beacon, the beauty, and the blessing of the world. His humility and meekness, his benevolence and love must forever remain the blest memorials of his mission, and be handed down to the latest posterity as perfect patterns, for he was without a model. The benefit conferred, can never be abolished, for he crushed the very serpent that crawled over the cradle of Eden, and dashed from the hand of death, and the grasp of the grave, the very attributes of their victory and their vengeance. In his death he redeemed the violated virtue of our first father, and palliated with his blood the impiety of Eve, when her soul was won to sin by the seductive blandishments of the serpent. The miseries they entailed upon mankind, were mitigated and immersed in the immunities conferred by his martyrdom and the Gospel he gave to the world.

The very cities and empires which were the scenes of the prophecies, of his miracles and martyrdom, as though cursed by Heaven, have crumbled to dust, and their ruins alone remain as mementos of their former magnificence. Where now is the glory of ancient Jerusalem, the princes of Palestine, decked with the gaudy grandeur of Solomon, and graced with her lofty temples, her towers, and her tombs? Where now is the splendour of Babylon, adorned with her golden gates, her temple of Belus, and her hanging gardens, and everlasting walls. Alas, they are in ruins, and their crumbling temples and tombs alone remain sad monuments amid the waste of time, of their rise and ruin, of their degradation and decay. Their sumptuous halls where eloquence, and mirth, and music once held the listening ear of the grand, and the gay, have since become the lion's lair, or echoed the hooting of the dusky owl, or the hiss of the solitary serpent. The land of the elect, the garden of God, has become the abode of the barbarian, the home of the Mahometan, and the very scenes which groaned and glittered beneath the palaces of Solomon, are now distinguished only by the tent of the humble Arab, or the moving caravan of the Moabite. The laden camel now rests his limbs in the banquet halls of ancient kings, and the toad spits its venom in the boudoirs of ancient beauty. Even the tombs of the mighty and magnificent, the tombs of oriental genius, have become the refuge of the Arabian robber, while the sepulchres of Israel's potentates are profaned by the nocturnal tri-

emphs of a barbarian banditti. The very dust of their high priests and princes, may have become the cement of the sepulchre of Mahomet. Melancholy is the memory, and sad the renown of the once worshipped and wonderful Jerusalem. The fame of the East, and the favorite of Heaven, she bade fair to flourish through all time like the Pyramids of Egypt, and to wither but with the world. The traveller now treads upon her mouldering walls, and the ruins of her once majestic temples, to muse for a moment on the mutability of human glory, and to sigh over the miseries of ungrateful man.

And where too is the glory of Athens, the seat of science and the home of song; the illuminator of nations, the haunt of Socrates, Plato and Zeno, and the very cradle of liberty, learning and law? Like Greece she has become the grave of her own glory, her light only serving to distinguish the circle of darkness which surrounds her, magnificent in her ruin and melancholy in her magnificence. The lamp of her ancient learning has gone out in the midnight of ages, and her Acropolis has crumbled at the touch of the irresistible tooth of time. The fame of her philosophy alone survives her fallen grandeur, the pages of history alone preserve the relics of her renown. When Paul preached in her pulpit and Plato plead his philosophy in her porch, Athens was the wonder and the admiration of the world.

Imperial Rome, whose pampered soldiery offered insolence and injury to an insulted Saviour, lies in ruins a mighty marble wreck, the spectre of her ancient splendor, the mere apparition of her ancient renown. Rome, within whose walls millions once congregated—Rome, the conqueror of Carthage and the world, has become the lap of ruin like her ancient catacombs, still white with the mangled remains of the martyred christians. Her millions have gone down to dust, her glory slumbers beneath her crumbling columns, and her time-worn walls, her arts lie dormant in the lap of Gothic darkness, and her science reposes in the unnumbered volumes of the Vatican. She is no longer the city of the Cæsars. The palaces of Augustus and Tiberius have become the property of the Pope, vainly considered the viceroy of Heaven, and the grandson of God.

Such has been the fate of all those countries which were the scenes of the Saviour's sorrows and sufferings. A thousand thrones have fallen, a thousand cities have become silent, empires have passed away on the ocean of oblivion, and even nations have been annihilated amid the wrecks and rubbish of time's revolutions. The Jews are a splendid example. Born in the lap of luxury, and bred amid all that was grand and glorious, the peculiar favorites of Heaven, they dreamt not of their degradation, and reckless of their ruin seemed to dare that arm—

Which heaved the Heavens, the ocean and the land.

The Jewish empire and people were once mighty. What are they now? The sun of their glory, which arose in lustre, was doomed to go down in oblivion; they have been scattered over the earth, while their identity has been

preserved as a mark and a remembrance of their turpitude and treachery. The cup of Heaven's kindness dashed from their lips, and pining under the doom of prophecy, they have become the proverb and the prey of all nations. Looking forward for that Saviour who has already suffered for the sins of mankind, and neglecting the mercy which he has already meted out, they wander in the dark for the rays of that light which has already illuminated the world.

Yet notwithstanding the benefits conferred by the Gospel, there are those in the present day who would hurl from the hand of age the only cup of his consolation, and snatch from the lip of sorrow the balm of its salvation. There are skeptical scoffers who would drag from the beggar his only boon on earth, who would extinguish the very day-star, whose beams light error and ignorance to the path which leads to glory and to God. Merciful God! there are those who would see the venerated temple of christianity tumble to the earth, and triumph over the downfall of the most beautiful and beneficent doctrine in the world. Yes, there are those who would mock at the bleeding shade of the resuscitated Saviour, and laugh to scorn the blessings conferred by his doctrine and his death. Infidelity strikes at the very divinity of Christ.

The introduction of christianity has conferred benefits on society which were unknown in the days of Pagan doctrines and darkness. Abolish it and what is the consequence. Let us examine the pages of history—let us turn to France, the land of fashion and fancy, for a picture so touching, and so terrible a catastrophe. Aye, let us turn to France, the very home of philosophy and fame, the very land of the social virtues, of elegance and grace, and we shall then see her scaffolds streaming with the blood which skepticism demanded for the altar of her hellish adoration. We shall there see her sabbath abolished, her cities sacked, her sons groaning in dungeons beneath an intolerable tyranny, her priests turned out to pine in penury, and her princes and her potentates sacrificed on the pyre lit from the fires of hell. Poverty became the pander of licentious power, and virtue became the victim, and beauty the oblation on the accursed altar of promiscuous prostitution. No charm was sacred, no virtue was secure; the attractions of beauty, the pride of birth, the pomp of wealth, and the glory of talents served only as incentives to persecution and plunder. The infidel demon Robespierre was in league with death, and the gore which gushed from a hundred hearts of the bravest and best, was but a moiety of that terrible torrent which swept away the religion and the liberties of France, and dyed their brow red with the avenging wrath of God. The convulsive heavings of the French volcano lit all Europe with its lurid flame, and the terrors it excited subsided only with the death of the master demon. Look at the last moments of those miserable men, who plunged all France in grief, made blood their oblation at the altar of liberty, and plundered the expiring heart of its very hopes of Heaven. Too cowardly when

condemned, to strike the dagger home to their own hearts—they were meanly dragged to the same block which their tyranny had made run red with the blood of so many. Trembling at the terrors which surrounded them, and deafened by the rejoicing plaudits of the multitude, they perished and found a grave unregretted though not forgotten.

Thus died the ruffian Robespierre covered with the curses of a thousand mourning mothers. Thus fell one of the most terrific tyrants that ever prostituted power, or disgraced the glory of a nation. He died not like a christian, but like a demon. The principles he had perpetuated perished with him, and if these were the trophies of the tenets of Rousseau, well might Napoleon exclaim while contemplating his tomb, that it had been better for France had he never lived. Beneath the skeptical philosophy Rousseau originated, France withered, and under such a system of universal vice, the world would become a waste, and man a murderer. Sweep christianity from our hearths and our hearts, from our churches and our homes; banish the Bible from the pulpit, the parlour and the closet, and give skepticism the sceptre of the same power she possessed in France, and the world would become a mighty Colosseum of carnage, and the hands of a hundred Robespierres would reek with the unmeasured gore of millions.

Let us then cling to christianity as the last plank of shipwrecked humanity, and the only anchor of our hopes and our happiness. Let that brilliant luminary which went down in blood on Calvary be the morning star of our merits, and our memory being assured that it will light us to the pleasant paths of peace in this world, and beyond the dark defiles of death and the grave. It is with regret, my dear reader, that I bid adieu to so grand and so glorious a subject.

MILFORD BARD.

### JAMES LAWRENCE.

James Lawrence, a distinguished American naval commander, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He early manifested a strong predilection for the sea; but his father, who was a lawyer, was anxious that he should pursue his own profession; and, when only thirteen years of age, he commenced the study of the law; but after the death of his father, entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1798. In 1801, the Tripoli war having commenced, he was promoted, and, in 1803, was sent out to the Mediterranean, as the first lieutenant of the schooner *Enterprise*. While there, he performed a conspicuous part in the destruction of the frigate *Philadelphia*, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. In the same year he was invested with the temporary command of the *Enterprise*, during the bombardment of Tripoli, by Commodore Preble, all the ships of the squadron being employed to cover the boats during the attack; and so well did he execute his duty, that the Commodore could not restrain the expression of his thanks. He remained in the Mediterranean three years, and then returned with Preble to the United States, having previously been transferred to the frigate *John Adams*, as the first lieutenant. In June, 1812, war was declared between

Great Britain and the United States, and Lawrence, at the time in command of the *Hornet*, a few days afterwards sailed with a squadron under the orders of Commodore Rogers, for the purpose of intercepting the Jamaica fleet. They returned, however, at the end of the following month to Boston, without having been able to accomplish their object. Lawrence then accompanied Commodore Bainbridge on a cruise to the East Indies; but they separated near St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, the *Hornet* remaining there to blockade a British ship of war, laden with specie; till compelled to retire by the arrival of a seventy-four. Feb. 24, 1813, the *Hornet* fell in with the brig *Peacock*, Captain Peak, which he took after a furious action of fifteen minutes. This vessel was deemed one of the finest of her class in the British navy. In the number of her men and guns, she was somewhat inferior to the *Hornet*. She sunk before all the prisoners could be removed. The latter was considerably damaged in the rigging and sails, but her hull was scarcely hurt. Lawrence returned to the United States; where he was welcomed with the applause due to his conduct; but the most honorable eulogy bestowed upon it, was contained in a letter, published by the officers of the *Peacock*, expressing their gratitude for the consideration and kindness with which they had been treated. Shortly after his return, he was ordered to repair to Boston, and take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. This he did with great regret, as the *Chesapeake* was one of the worst ships in the navy. He had been but a short time at Boston, when the British frigate *Shannon*, Captain Brooke, appeared before the harbor, and defied the *Chesapeake* to combat. Lawrence did not refuse the challenge, although his ship was far from being in a condition for action; and June 1st, 1813, he sailed out of the harbor and engaged his opponent. After the ship had exchanged several broadsides, and Lawrence had been wounded in the leg, he called his boarders, when he received a musket ball in his body. At the same time, the enemy boarded, and, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in taking possession of the ship. Almost all the officers of the *Chesapeake* were either killed or wounded. The last exclamation of Lawrence, as they were carrying him below, after the fatal wound, was, "Don't give up the ship." He lingered for four days in intense pain, and expired on the 5th of June. He was buried at Halifax with every mark of honor.—*Enc. Amer.*

GO-BETWEENS.—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world, than that of go-between;—by which is meant that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

## TO THE DARK EYES OF ———.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Where now are those dark eyes—(sweet eyes)  
 In tears? in thought? in sleep?  
 Those lights, like stars in the stormy skies,  
 Which gently shine, when all else weeps?  
 O dark, unconquered eyes!  
 Are ye from human anguish freed?  
 Or do you sometimes mourn indeed,  
 In pity or superior pain,  
 For some deep secret hid from all the world, in vain?  
 O melancholy eyes! which love to dwell,  
 On Juliet's passion, Belvidera's woe,  
 Where was the light which now ye wear so well,  
 (That tender, touching lustre!) long ago?  
 Did it lie dreaming in your orbs unknown,  
 As in the rose's bud the unblown perfume,  
 Till evil fortune, now forever frown,  
 Struck out your dazzling bloom?  
 For what too dangerous purpose were ye born?  
 To lead the youthful poet's ear astray?  
 Or wait to turn to tears the proud and gay,  
 With looks that in their beauty mock the morn?  
 Long may ye shine, as dark, as bright, as young,  
 (Small age e'er harm ye!) as complete in power,  
 As when from out Verona's midnight bower,  
 Upon the moonlight first your glances hang,  
 And filled with love the rich enamoured air,  
 And made the fair more fair!  
 Long may ye shine, undimmed by storm or cloud,  
 Uninjured, unconsumed by grief or pain;  
 Your high, heroic spirit never bowed,  
 Your love ne'er lost, your tears ne'er shed—in vain!  
 Long may she live and shine, and have no fear  
 Of fatal fortune or the touch of time,  
 To whom belongs your beauty without peer,  
 To whom belongs this slight and careless rhyme!

## OLD MAIDS.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I would by no means persuade you or any woman to prefer single life. It is not the "primrose."—Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, of self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and second best position. And this, under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman.—Depend upon it, my dear young friend, it is safer for most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favorable position; besides, married life is the destiny Heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you that you may give dignity and interest to single life, that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and of course happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry while the stream continued to flow? If single life, according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful, in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from Heaven and water from the rock.

I shall conclude with a true story. The parties are not known to you. The incidents occurred long ago, and I shall take the liberty to assume names: for I would not even at this late day, betray a secret confided to me, though time may long since have out-lawed it. My mother had a schoolmate and friend whom I shall call Agnes Gray. Her father was a country clergyman with a small salary, and the blessings that usually attend it—a large family of children. Agnes was the eldest, and after followed a line of boys as long as Banquo's. At last, some ten years after Agnes, long waited and prayed for, appeared a girl, who cost her mother her life.

The entire care of the helpless little creature devolved on Agnes. She had craved the happiness of possessing a sister, and now, to a sister's love, she

added the tenderness of a mother. Agnes' character was formed by the discipline of circumstances—the surest of all discipline. A host of turbulent boys, thoughtless and impetuous, but kind-hearted, bright and loving, had called forth her exertions and affections, and no one can doubt, either as lures or gonds, had helped her on the road to heaven. Nature had, happily, endowed her with a robust constitution, and its usual accompaniment, a sweet temper; so that what were mountains to others, were mole-hills to Agnes. 'The baby,' of course, was the pet lamb of the fold. She was named, for her mother, Elizabeth; but instead of that queenly appellation, she was always addressed by the endearing diminutive of Lizzy. Lizzy Gray was not only the pet of father, brother and sisters at home; but the play thing of the village.

The old women knit their brightest yarn into tips and stockings for 'the minister's motherless little one'; (oh, what an eloquent appeal was in those words!) the old men saved the 'red-cheeked' apples for her; the boys drew her, hour after hour, in her little wagon, and the girls made her rag babies. Still she was not, in any disagreeable sense, an *enfant gâté*. She was like those flowers that thrive best in warm and continued sunshine. Her soft hazel eye, with its dark sentimental lashes, the clear brunette tint of her complexion, and her graceful flexible lips, truly expressed her tender, loving and gentle spirit. She seemed formed to be sheltered and cherished; to love and be loved; and this destiny appeared to be secured to her by her devoted sister, who never counted any exertion or sacrifice that procured an advantage or pleasure for Lizzy. When Lizzy was about fourteen, a relative of the family, who kept a first-rate boarding school in the city, offered to take her for two years, and give her all the advantages of her school, for the small consideration of fifty dollars per annum. Small as it was, it amounted to a tithe of the parson's income.—It was well known, that, in certain parts of our country, every thing (not always discreetly) is sacrificed to the hobby—education. Still the prudent father, who had already two sons at college, hesitated—did not consent till Agnes ascertained that, by keeping a little school in the village, she might obtain half the required sum. Her father, brothers, and friends all remonstrated. The toils of a school, in addition to the care and labor of her father's family, was, they urged, too much for her—but she laughed at them. 'What was labor to her if she could benefit Lizzy—dear Lizzy!' All ended, as might be expected, in Lizzy going to the grand boarding school. The parting was a great and trying event in the family. It was soon followed by a sadder. The father suddenly sickened and died—and nothing was left for his family but his house and well kept little garden. What now was to be done? College and schools to be given up. No such thing. In our country, if a youth is rich he ought to be educated; if he is poor, he *must* be. The education is the capital whereby they are to live hereafter. It is obtained in that mysterious but unfailing way—'by hook and by crook.'

The elder Grays remained in college.—Agnes enlarged her school; learned lessons in Mathematics and Latin one day, and taught them the next; took a poor, accomplished young lady from some broken down family in town into partnership, and received a few young misses as boarders into her family. Thus she not only was able to pay 'dear Lizzy's' bills regularly, but to aid her younger brothers. Her energy and success set all her attractions in a strong light, and she was talked about, and became quite the queen of the village.

I think it was about a year after her father's death, that a Mr. Henry Orne, a native of the village, who was engaged in a profitable business at the south, returned to pass some months at his early home. It is

frequent visits to the parsonage, and his attentions on all occasions to Agnes, soon became matter of very agreeable speculation to the gossips of the village. "What a fine match he would be for Agnes!—such an engaging, well-informed young man, and so well off!" Agnes' heart was not steel; but though it had been exposed to many a flame she had kindled, it had never yet melted.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Seton, for interrupting you—was Agnes pretty?"

"Pretty?" The word did not exactly suit her.—At the time of which I am now speaking, she was at the mature age of five-and-twenty, which is called the perfection of womanhood. Prettiness is rather appropriate to the bud than the ripened fruit. Agnes, I have been told, had a fine person—symmetrical features, and so charming an expression that she was not far from beautiful, in the eyes of strangers, and quite a beauty to her friends and lovers. Whether it were beauty, manners, mind, or heart, I know not; one and all probably—but Henry Orme soon became her assiduous and professed admirer. Till now, Agnes, had lived satisfied and happy with subordinate affections.—She had never seen any one that she thought it possible she could love as well as she loved those to whom Nature had allied her. But now the sun arose, and other lights became dim—"not that she loved Cesar less, but she loved Rome more." Their mutual faith was plighted, and both believed, as real lovers do, that the world never contained so happy, so blessed a pair, as they were.

Lizzy's second year at school was nearly ended, and one month after her return the marriage was to be solemnized. In the mean time, Agnes was full of the cares of this world. The usual preparations for the greatest occasion in a woman's life are quite enough for any single pair of hands; but Agnes had to complete her school term, and the possibility of swerving from an engagement never occurred to her.

Lizzy arrived, as lovely a creature as she had appeared in the dreams of her fond sister. In the freshness and untouched beauty of her own existence, just freed from the trammels of school, her round cheek glowing with health, and her heart overflowing with happiness. "Here is my own dear Lizzy," said Agnes, as she presented her to Henry Orme, "and if you do not love me for any thing else, you must for giving you such a sister."

Henry Orme looked at Lizzy and thought, and said 'the duty would be a very easy one.' For the next month, continued Agnes, 'I shall be incessantly occupied, and you must entertain one another. Henry has bought a nice little pony for me, Lizzy, and he shall teach you to ride, and you shall go over all his scrambling walks with him—to Skyliff, Rose-glen and Beech-cove—the place he says nature made for lovers; but my poor lover has had to accommodate himself to my working-day life, and woo me in beaten paths.'

The next month was the most joyous of Lizzy's life—every day was a festival. To the perfection of animal existence in the country, in the month of June, was added the keen sense of all that physical nature conveys to the susceptible mind.

Wherever she was, her sweet voice was heard ringing in laughter, or swelling in music that seemed the voice of irrepressible joy—the spontaneous breathing of her soul. To the lover approaching his marriage, Time is apt to drag along with leaden foot, but to Henry Orme he seemed rather to fly with Mercury wings at his heels; and when Agnes found herself compelled by the accumulation of her affairs, to defer her wedding for another month, he submitted with a better grace than could have been expected. Not many days of this second term had elapsed, when

Agnes, amidst all her cares, as watchful of Lizzy as a mother of an only child, observed a change stealing over her. Her stock of spirits seemed suddenly expended,—her color faded,—her motions were languid, and each successive day she became more and more dejected. "She wants rest," said Agnes to Henry Orme; 'she has been unnaturally excited, and there is now a reaction. She must remain quietly at home for a time on the sofa, in a darkened room, and you, Henry, I am sure, will, for my sake, give up your riding and walking for a few days, and stay within doors, and play on your flute, and read to her.' Agnes' suggestions were promptly obeyed, but without the happy effect she anticipated. Lizzy, who had never before had a cloud on her brow, seemed to have passed under a total eclipse. She became each day more sad and nervous. A tender word from Agnes—sometimes a look, would make her burst into tears.

"I am miserable, Henry, said Agnes, 'at this unaccountable change in Lizzy—the doctor says she is perfectly free from disease—perhaps we have made too sudden a transition from excessive exercise to none at all. The evening is dry and fine, I wish you would induce her to take a little walk with you. She is distressed at my anxiety, and I cannot propose any thing that does not move her to tears.

"It is very much the same way with me," replied Henry, sighing deeply, 'but if you wish it, I will ask her.' He accordingly did so—she consented, and they went out together.

Agnes retired to her own apartment, and there, throwing herself upon her knees, she entreated her Heavenly Father to withdraw this sudden infusion of bitterness from her brimming cup of happiness. Try me in any other way," she cried, in the intensity of her feeling, and, for the first time in her life, forgetting that every petition should be in the spirit of "Thy will be done," "try me in any other way, but show me the means of restoring my sister—my child, to health and happiness!"

She returned again to her little parlor. Lizzy had not come in, and she sat down on the sofa near an open window, and resigned herself to musing, the occupation, if occupation it may be called, of the idle, but rarely, and never of late, Agnes!

In a few moments Lizzy and Henry returned, and came into the porch adjoining the parlor.—They perceived the candles were not lighted, and concluding Agnes was not there, they sat down in the porch.

"Oh, I am too wretched!" said Lizzy. Her voice was low and broken, and she was evidently weeping.

"Is it possible," thought Agnes, "that she will express her feelings more freely to Henry than to me? I will listen. If she knows any cause for her dejection, I am sure I can remove it."

"Why, my beloved Lizzy," replied Orme, in a scarcely audible voice, will you be so wretched? why will you make me so, and forever, when there is a remedy?"

"Henry Orme!" she exclaimed, and there was resolution and indignation in her voice. "If you name that to me again, I will never, so help me God, permit you to come into my presence without witnesses. No, there is no remedy, but in death. Would that it had come before you told me you loved me—before my lips confessed my sinful love for you—no, no—the secret shall be buried in my grave."

"Oh, Lizzy, you are mad—Agnes does not, cannot love as we do. Why sacrifice two to one?—Let me, before it is too late, tell her the whole, and ask myself on her generosity."

"Never, no never—I now wish, when I am in her presence, that the earth at her feet would swallow me up; and how can you, for a moment, think I will ask to be made happy—that I could be made happy at her expense? No I am willing to expiate with my life, my baseness to her—that I shall soon do so is my on-



ly comfort—and you will soon forget me—men can forget, they say.”

“Never—on my knees, I swear never!”

“Stop, for mercy’s sake, stop. You must not speak another such word to me—I will not hear it.” She rose to enter the house. Agnes slipped through a private passage to her own apartment.

She heard Lizzy ascending the stairs. She heard Henry call after her, “One word, Lizzy—for mercy’s sake, one last word.” But Lizzy did not turn. Agnes heard her feebly drag herself into the little dressing room adjoining the apartment, and after, there was no sound but the poor girl’s suppressed, but still audible sobs.

None but He who created the elements that compose the human heart, and who can penetrate its mysterious depths, can know which of the sisters was most wretched at that moment. To Agnes, who had loved deeply, confidingly, without a shadow of fear or distrust, the reverse was fatal. To Lizzy, who had enjoyed for a moment the bewildering fervors of a young love, only to feel its misery, that misery was embittered by a sense of wrong done to her sister. And yet it had not been a willing, but an involuntary, and resisted, and most heartily repented, wrong. She had recklessly rushed down a steep to a fearful precipice, and now felt that all access and passage to return was shut against her. Agnes without having one dim fear—without any preparation—saw an abyss yawning at her feet—an abyss only to be closed by self-immolation.

She remained alone for many hours—she resolved—her spirit faltered—she re-resolved. She thought of all Lizzy had been to her, and of all she had been to Lizzy, and she wept as if her heart would break. She remembered the prayer that her impatient spirit had sent forth that evening. She prayed again, and a holy calm, never again to be disturbed, took possession of her soul.

There is a power in goodness, pure, self-renouncing goodness, that cannot be overcome, but overcometh all things.

Lizzy waited till all was quiet in her sister’s room. She heard her get into bed, and then stole softly to her. Agnes, as she had done from Lizzy’s infancy, opened her arms to receive her, and Lizzy pillowing her aching head on Agnes’ bosom, softly breathing,—“My sister—mother!”

“My own Lizzy—my child,” answered Agnes. There was no tell-tale faltering of the voice. She felt a tear trickle from Lizzy’s cold cheek on her bosom, and not very long after both sisters were in a sleep that morbid night envy, and angels smile on.

The rest you will anticipate, my dear Anne. The disclosure to the lovers of her discovery, was made by Agnes in the right way, and at the right time. Every thing was done as it should be by this most admirable woman. She seemed, indeed, to feel as a guardian angel might, who, by some remission of his vigilance, had suffered the frail mortal in his care to be beguiled into evil. She never, by word, or even look, reproached Lizzy. She shielded her, as far as possible, from self-reproach, nor do I believe she ever felt more unmeasured tenderness and love for her, than when, at the end of a few months, she saw her married to Henry Orne.

My story has yet a sad supplement. Madame Cotin, I believe it is, advises a story-teller to close the tale when he comes to a happy day—for, she says, it is probable no other will succeed it. Poor Lizzy had experience of this sad mutability of human life. Hers was chequered with many sorrows.

Lapses from virtue at eight-and-twenty, and at sixteen afford very different indications of character: and I think you cannot expect much from a man, who, at eight-and-twenty, acted the part of Henry Orne. He

was unfaithful in engagements with persons less merciful than Agnes Gray. He became inconstant in his pursuits—self-indulgent, and idle, and finally intemperate in his habits. His wife—as wives will—loved him to the end.

Agnes retained her school, which had become in her hands a profitable establishment. There she labored, year after year, with a courageous heart, and serene countenance, and devoted the fruits of her toils to Lizzy, and to the education of her children.

I am telling no fiction, and I see you believe me, for the tears are trembling in your eyes—do not repress them, but permit them to embalm the memory of an old maid.

#### NIGHT—By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time to rest;

How sweet, when labors close,

To gather round an aching breast,

The curtain of repose;

Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head

Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;

The gay romance of life,

When truth that is and truth that seems

Mixed in fantastic strife,

Ah! visions less beguiling far

Than waking dreams by day-light are!

Night is the time for toil;

To plough the classic field,

Intent to find the buried spoil

Its wealthy furrows yield;

Till all is ours that sages taught,

That poet’s sung, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;

To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory, where sleep

The joys of other years;

Hopes that were angels in their birth,

But perished young, like things of earth:

Night is the time to watch;

On ocean’s dark expanse,

To hail the Pleiades, or catch

The full-moon’s earliest glance

That brings unto the home sick mind

All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;

Brooding on hours mispent,

To see the spectre of despair

Come to our lonely tent;

Like Brutus midst his lumbering host,

Startled by Caesar’s stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse:

Then from the eye the soul

Takes flight and with expanding views

Beyond the starry pole,

Descends athwart the abyss of night

The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;

Our Saviour oft withdrew

To desert mountains far away,

So will his followers do,

Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,

And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death:

When all around is peace,

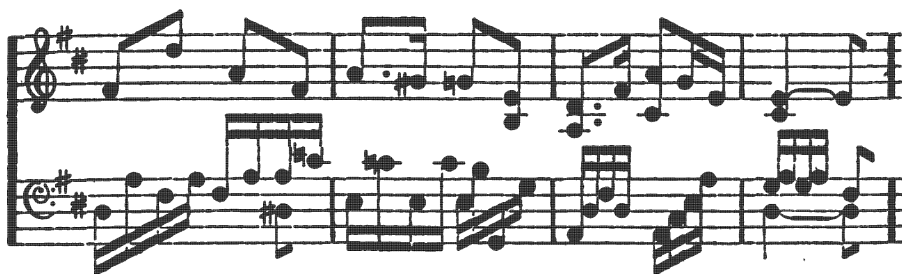
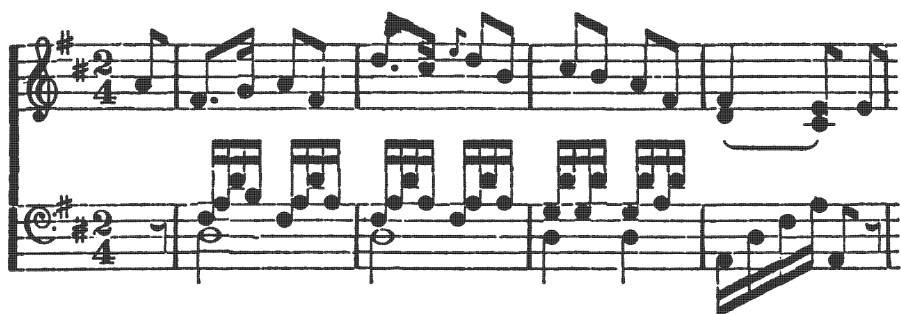
Calmly to yield the weary breath,

From sin and suffering cease;

Think of heaven’s bliss, and give the sign

To parting friends—such death be mine!

OH! DEEM NOT THAT I LOVE HER LESS.



seen I watch her case-ment veil'd by Ten-drils of the vine; And

if she hear a footstep there, she lit-tle thinks 'tis mine.

Unnoticed I have followed her  
To mansions of the proud,  
Without a thought that passes me,  
Among the menial crowd;  
But while they praise the dazzling gems,  
That on her forehead shine;  
One falt'ring voice has breath'd her name,  
She lit-tle thinks 'tis mine.

I gaze at midnight on the lamp  
That from her chamber gleams,  
Morn finds me there, but I am not  
The subject of her dreams;  
Of me she thinks not, tho' for her  
My health and strength decline,  
And when she looks upon my tomb,  
She'll lit-tle think 'tis mine.

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

### THE FAIR QUERIST.

"Oh! did you see that curious sight!

The shooting stars, the other night?"

The laughing Harriet cries.

"O yes—methinks I see them now,"

Replies her lover with a bow.

"Good gracious!—tell me where and how!"

"In Harriet's sparkling eyes."

"Well—did you see that foolish show,

The strange fantasticals, you know,

Who dress'd so very queer?"

"O yes—I see them, every day,

Parading up and down Broadway—

And see *one* now." "O tell me!—say!"

"In Harriet's walking gear."

"Pshaw—you've no taste!—But, do you know,

Perpetual motion's all the go,

With both the old and young?

If you had now the skill or wit,

Or genius, to discover it."

"I think I've made the lucky hit."

"Indeed! O tell me, e'er you quit?"

"It moves in Harriet's tongue."

**CORRECT ANSWER.**—"Might your name be Smith?" said a lout to that oddest of odd fellows, I—, after a rap at his door loud enough to disturb the occupants of a churchyard. "Yes, it might, but it aint by a leng chalk."

"Timothy," said a certain Grocer to his clerk "I've joined the Temperance Society, and it won't *look well* to sell liquor, in future, *before folks*. So if any person call for any, you must take them into the *back room*."

**THE STANDARD.**—Judge a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an Englishman by his rotundity—a Scotchman by his shrug—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

**VERY MALAPROPOS.**—A certain turf Baronet who had been struck with the charms of a pretty *filie de chambre* of his lady's, lately stumbled on her on the staircase and could not resist the temptation of imprinting some kisses, which the damsel cordially returned. Flushed with excitement, Sir—exclaimed, "By Jove, Susan, your lips are sweeter than your mistress's." "Lord, Sir, (said the blushing *soubrette*, with the greatest *naïveté*), only think! why now if John, my lady's own man, does not say the same." The Baronet's courage cooled down to zero.

As the celebrated and baughty Seymour, speaker of the house of commons in England, was riding out one day in his carriage, he met a large west country wagon, which he was astonished did not turn out of the road in compliment for his dignity. As the wagoner approached him Seymour raised his gold-headed cane and made a stroke at him. The driver, falling back his whip's length, soon convinced the courtier of his error; who, smarting under his well applied lash, exclaimed, Sirrah, villain, I'll commit you to jail; I'll send you to the devil; dont you know who I am—I am the *Speaker*, rascal! D—n you then said the countryman, why didn't you speak before!

Some years before we became settled in life, it was our custom to spend a few weeks in the spring and autumn, for the purpose of fishing and sporting at a small village on the south shore. Our landlady was very ugly and rather cross; but blessed with "one fair daughter," with whom we occasionally took a walk in a grove by moonlight, the interval of sentimental speech being filled up by an owl solo, and the perspective being generally a rainy walk home afterwards. She was tall and wrote poetry; at least we have a song of her's entitled, "Why do I weep?" to the tune of "There is nae luck about the house," in slow time—It having been ascertained that quick tunes are the most pathetic ones when sung slow. A beautiful thing we thought it, then, and were surprised that she did not put "Alice Gray" *hors decombat*. We thought also that we were in love; and are very glad it was not so, for she turned out fat and eat mustard with her roast beef. She married a particular friend of ours, and we wished him joy. We wish him so still, but doubt the efficacy of our prayers, inasmuch as his wife's countenance resembled an illuminated dial plate. All this, however, has nothing to do with the anecdote. During the interval between one of our spring and fall visits, our hostess became converted. We were ignorant of this, but as we drove up to the door at which she was standing, we imagined something was in the wind, for her face seemed to "shed a browner horror o'er" the front yard. "Good morning, Mrs. T—," throwing our valise from the chase, and preparing to alight.

"We can't accommodate you, sir."

"Have you boarders?"

"No, sir, but we can't take you."

"Hav'n't I always conducted myself like a gentleman?"

"Yes, I spose so—in a worldly way; but you are a sinner, young man,—you dont believe as I do."

"Why, what do you believe that I dont?"

"You don't believe that we shall all be damned."

"No, not all—but I believe that some will."

"How many?"

"Fifty thousand, perhaps."

"Well, that's better than nothing."

**ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.**—The Portsmouth Journal is mistaken in representing this distinguished character as of Scotch descent. The father of John and James—the President of New Hampshire and the Governor of this Commonwealth—came to this country in 1723; from the Emerald Isle, where he and his wife were both born. Both the sons were educated also by the father. There is a good story told, on the best authority, of John's first debut as a lawyer, which illustrates the character of the man.

He went to Durham, N. H. accompanied by his brother James, who was younger, for the purpose of opening an office. The settlers there, chiefly Irish, were opposed to such an innovation. They wanted no lawyers at all at all. They soon gave John to understand as much, and indeed told him he must make off, in so many words. John thought of it awhile, consulted James, and finally made a deliberate proposal, to settle the matter by a personal combat between himself and his brother, on one side, and any two of the Irishmen they might select on the other; if the former whipped they should stay; or if otherwise, they should go. The challenge was accepted, and decided in favor of John and James; and never were two men more popular than they ever after.

**Sharp Penetration.**—"You don't love me, I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for a keen penetration," was the consoling reply.

**EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.**—No other time to myself. Mean to have a walk into the country. No fresh air but on Sundays. Caught cold last night at a party—intend nursing myself to-day. Don't like a Liturgy—always praying for the same thing. Don't like Extempore Prayer—don't know what is coming. Don't like the organ—it's too noisy. Don't like singing without music—makes one sad. Can't bear extempore sermons—too frothy. Dislike a written sermon—too pressing. Nobody to-day but our own minister. A stranger to-day; don't like strangers—always so much to say. Can't keep awake when at church: snored aloud last time I was there—shan't risk it again.—*Charleston Mercury.*

**Sandy Wood's Plan of Supporting a Wife.**—The eccentric and well-remembered Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the outset of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S. a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow citizens bore the most ample testimony, by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though before it took place, there was danger of its being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr. Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, proposed himself to Mr. Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus: "Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you, but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family?" Mr. Wood, putting his hand in his pocket and taking out his lancet-case, with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this, sir, and a determination to use my best endeavors to succeed in my profession." Mr. Chalmers was so struck with this straight-forward and honest reply, that he honestly exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

**FIRST INTRODUCTION OF THE SHERIDANS TO FASHIONABLE LIFE.**—It was at the house of the present Dowager Countess of Cork, then as now, remarkable for its admixture of literary and fashionable society, that the late Duchess of Devonshire was struck by the singing of a very beautiful young woman, who was represented to her as a professional person, just married to an Irish gentleman of literary connections.—"She is a charming creature, and I should like very much to have her at Devonshire-house," said the Duchess. "But what shall we do about the husband? He is such an odd-looking person, and the Duke so much dislikes strangers! I scarcely know how to manage it." Yet within a year the odd-looking man was the most favourite guest and distinguished ornament of the circle of Devonshire House; the Duke himself, a scholar of no mean attainments, being often unable to tear himself away from the fascinating society of the all-accomplished Sheridan!

There are people in the world who are continually speaking of their ill-luck. One of these discontented beings was passing through our streets the other day. Something glistened on the side walk, and he stooped to pick it up. It was an old fashioned pistareen. "Dang it," he exclaimed, in a tone of petulant disappointment, "if any body else had found it, it would have been a quarter dollar."

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter," answered, "Upon my life, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or aunt."

**A SCENE AT COURT.**—An attorney, whose practice was confined to the crown or half-crown business, delayed later than usual to obtain the necessary instructions from his clients, inasmuch that he was obliged and allowed to accompany some of them into the dock where the gaoler, being a bit of a wag, locked the legal adviser in with his accused clients. The Court was about to sit, and the attorney perceiving his awkward predicament, was precipitately effecting his retreat over the spikes, upon which he was caught just at the moment that Chief Justice Downes appeared at the side curtain of the bench, and spying the clambering agent, cried out—"Gaoler, look to your prisoner." Attorney—"My Lord, my Lord!" Chief Justice—"Gaoler, I say, your prisoner." Attorney—"My Lord, I'm an attorney." Chief Justice—"I'm sorry for it—I'm mighty sorry for it." Attorney—"My Lord, I'm guilty of—" Chief Justice—"Prisoner, don't commit yourself." Attorney—"There's no charge against me, my Lord," (somewhat recovering.) Chief Justice—"You'll be tried by your King and your country." Attorney—"Issy, my Lord, I'm not a prisoner—there's no indictment whatever." Chief Justice—"You'll be discharged, then, by proclamation." The convulsion of laughter was here so great and so general, that it was some time before an explanation could be effected.—*Stewart's Despatch.*

**A BLACK JOKE.**—Blackee passing along Fleet street, was astonished at hearing a voice call out,—"How d'ye do, massa Mungo, how d'ye do, Snowball," and on looking up, observed it proceed from a parrot, in a splendid gilt cage. "Aha, massa Parrot," said Blackee, "you great man here; you live in *gold house* now, but me know you *fader* very well, *he* live in *de bush*."

A very virtuous lady was desired by another to teach her what secrets she had to preserve her husband's favour—"It is," said she, "by doing all that pleases him, and by enduring all that displeases me."

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

**A NEW METHOD OF TAKING A PROFILE.**—Early on a very cold morning, a travelling profile cutter called at the house of a wag, and inquired if he wanted a profile taken. "Yes," was his reply, "I want yours *taken* from my door."

**WITTY INFERENCE.**—A lady asked a child how long it took to build Rome, and was answered a *night*. "How do you make that out?" She replied, "Because mamma told me it was not built in a *day*."

A person very fond of playing at nine pins, and who when excited was rather apt to sputter out with great vehemence anything which came uppermost in his mind, fell a sleep one day in meeting, when all at once he bawled out loud enough to stun the whole congregation—"I'll be to-totally condemned if they ain't all down—no two ways about that—*set 'em up*."

**A MERRY PLACE.**—"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why so?"

"Because, I am told that there, all bodies *lose* their gravity."

## OLD GRIMES' SON.

Old Grimes's boy lives in our town,  
A clever lad is he,—  
He's long enough, if cut in half,  
To make two men like me.

He has a sort of waggish look,  
And cracks a harmless jest,  
His clothes are rather worse for wear,  
Except his Sunday's best.

He is a man of many parts,  
As all who know can tell,  
He sometimes reads the list of Goods,  
And rings the Auction bell.

He's kind and lib'ral to the poor,  
That is, to number one,  
He sometimes saws a load of wood,  
And piles it when he's done.

He's always ready for a job—  
(When paid)—whatever you choose.  
He's often at the College,  
And brushes boots and shoes.

Like honest men, he pays his debts,  
No fear has he of duns,  
At leisure he prefers to walk,—  
But when in haste he—runs

In all his intercourse with folks,  
His object is to please,  
His pantaloons curve out before,  
Just where he bends his knees.

His life was written some time since,  
And many read it through,  
He makes a racket when he snores,  
As other people do.

When once oppress'd he provid'd his blood  
Not cover'd with the yoke,  
But now he sports a freeman's cup,  
And when it rains, a cloak!

He's dropped beneath a southern sky,  
He's trod on northern snows,  
He's taller by a foot or more—  
When standing on his toes!

In church he credits all that's said,  
Whatever preacher rise,  
They say he has been seen in tears,  
When dust got in his eyes!

A man remarkable as this—  
Must sure immortal be,  
And more than all, because he is  
Old Grimes' posterity! J. W. B.

## LAY OF A LAZY PUNSTER.

"Tis well I'm born a gentleman,  
And that enough I've got,  
But I would fain earn what I eat,  
Yet do—I don't know what.

A sailor I would never be,  
To risk my life as nought;  
Your tars are loose and ignorant,  
Though some say they're all taut!

Then for a valiant colonel I'm  
Too old to gain renown;  
Besides, a kernel of my (y) ears  
Ought not now to come down!

A public private I'd not be,  
To be at all commands;  
I'm sure I should not like to walk  
My ears borne in my hands!

A doctor's an uneasy life,  
No time to sleep or sup,  
For ~~swallow~~ *swallow*'d, just laid down to sleep,  
You're in the cold ~~rest~~ *rest* up!

Then he who would a poet be,  
Must maddest be of men;  
For my part I am not a calf,  
To take up with a pen.

I ne'er could learn a cobbler's trade,  
Or if I on should get,  
I should make *pumps* like engineers,  
That is, they'd *water* let!

Were I a moody sexton, I  
Should *hate* while I *add* mire;  
I see no fun in *delving* down,  
And getting little *hire*!

## A SHORT SOLILOQUY

BY MY MAIDEN AUNT—AGED FORTY.

*Scene 'discovers my Aunt at her toilette. Time—  
New Year's morning.*

And 'tis e'en so? (abstractedly) Another year;  
Alack! how time glides on;  
Another year; 'tis very queer;  
Another year has gone.

Heav'n help me! I am growing old;  
And ah! (sorrowfully) I fear the Colonel  
And the world too, begins to think  
My youth is not eternal.

Why! a grey hair! (starts and shrieks) Pahaw! what  
a fool!

Thank heaven! it is a thread;  
How it did frighten me; Oh! la;  
Dear me I'm all but dead. (out of breath)  
(Takes up the thread and tries to put it through a needle.)

Bless me! I do declare, 'tis strange;  
'Tis odd I cannot thread it;  
I know my sight is good enough; (tries again.)  
But pahaw! I do not need it. (throws it down.)

No, no; my hair, I'm sure, is quite  
As black as 't ever was, (very complacently)  
And to complain of my eye-sight,  
I'm certain I've no cause.

My skin is smooth and white as snow, (approaching  
My eyes have all youth's fire, the mirror)  
There is no wrinkle on my brow,  
My teeth are all entire.

And then my form is *en bon point*,  
My step is light and spry, (*cuts a pigeon wing*)  
There's many a spruce young Miss, that looks  
Not half as young as I.

In fine my New York visitors, (slowly retiring with  
Though one year more is gone, her face toward  
Can't estimate my age, I think, the mirror.)  
Much over—*twenty-one!* [Exit. X.Y.Z.  
N. Y. Atlas and Constel.

## My Pretty Kate.

My pretty Kate, I do not know  
The reason why I love you so  
Devotedly; but when a day  
Without thy presence drags away,  
I feel as though a year had flown  
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,  
It scarcely seems an hour to me;  
Yet tho' no suicide am I,  
Nor very anxious am to die;  
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,  
That Kate may shorten all my days.









OR GEMS OF

**LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.**

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill  
A certain portion of uncertain paper;  
Some liken it to climbing up a bill,  
Whose summit, like all hilla, is lost in vapour;  
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,  
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"  
To have, when the original is dust,  
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.—*Byron's Don Juan.*

No. 4.]

PHILADELPHIA.—APRIL.

[1834.

**LORD BYRON.**

This distinguished poet was born at Dover, January 22, 1788. He was the grandson of admiral Byron, and succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, when only ten years old. By the eccentricity and misconduct of several members of the Byron family, the reputation of the family, so ancient and honorable in English history, had been considerably tarnished. One of them was indicted for murder, in killing his relation, Chaworth, and only escaped by pleading his peerage. The father of the poet having deserted his wife and only child, Mrs. Byron returned with her son to Aberdeen, where she lived in narrow circumstances and great seclusion. The singular circumstances attendant upon the early childhood of Lord Byron, seem to have operated very materially in the formation of his very striking character. Until seven years of age, the care of his education rested solely on his mother, to whose excusable, but injudicious indulgence, some of the waywardness by which it was subsequently marked, was, even by himself, attributed. Being then of a weakly constitution, that disadvantage, added to a slight malformation of one of his feet, naturally rendered him an object of peculiar solicitude; and, to invigorate his constitution, he was not sent to school, but allowed to brace his limbs upon the mountains in the neighborhood, where he early acquired associations, and encountered a mass of legendary lore, which indisputably nursed his poetical tendencies. At seven years he was sent to the grammar school of Aberdeen, whence he was taken, when but ten years old, and sent to Harrow. While there, he fell in love with Miss Chaworth, the daughter and heiress of the gentleman who had fallen by the hand of his great uncle, whom he met with on his occasional visits to Newstead; but the attachment amounted to a mere interchange of billets and poetical epistles. At nineteen he quitted the university and took up his residence at the family seat of Newstead Ab-

bey, where he employed himself chiefly in amusement. In 1807 he arranged his "Hours of Idleness," which, on their publication, drew down a severe attack from the Edinburgh Review, which ridiculed the poems so much as to rouse their author, who soon after came out with his celebrated "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which was even more severe and ill-natured, in many particulars, than the original attack.

About this time Lord Byron fell into a career of dissipation too prevalent among the possessors of rank and fortune; thus he became deeply involved before he attained legal maturity. In 1809, he determined to travel, and left England for Lisbon, whence he proceeded through Spain, Greece, Turkey &c. In 1811 he returned home, but not in time to close the eyes of his mother, who breathed her last a short time before he arrived at Newstead. In 1812 appeared *Childe Harold*, which, in spite of its moral defects, produced a great impression. Eulogy flowed in from all quarters, and his first entry into public life may be dated from this time. The *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, and the *Siege of Corinth*, followed each other in quick succession. In January, 1815 he married Miss Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank Noel; her fortune was not large, but it was soon dissipated by the splendors which followed the nuptials. A formal separation, after the birth of a daughter, took place the following year, which produced a great sensation, in the midst of which Lord Byron left England, never to return. At Rome he completed his third canto of *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, and other poems. In 1819 appeared *Mazeppa* and *Don Juan*. In 1822 he wintered at Genoa, and began first to indulge those feelings in regard to the efforts of the Greeks to throw off the Mohammedan yoke, which determined him to lend them the aid of his person, purse and influence. In 1823 he established himself in Cephalonia, where he advanced about \$50,000 for the relief of Missolonghi,

for which place he sailed some time afterwards in person. Here he exerted himself in a variety of ways to aid the cause of the Greeks. In the month of April, 1824, while riding out, he got extremely wet, the result of which was a violent fever, which proved fatal on the 19th. His body was conveyed to England, and interred near his own seat of Newstead Abbey. He left a natural child in Greece, to whom he bequeathed five thousand pounds, on condition of her not marrying an Englishman.

From the Literary Souvenir.

### ALLAN M'TAVISH.

In a secluded nook of one of the wildest and most solitary parts of the Argyllshire coast, where it is washed by the Atlantic waters, there stood, some thirty years ago, the cottage of a Highland fisherman. The traveller who should now look for its site would probably be unrewarded for his pains;—it has long since mouldered from the face of the earth. A few stones, half buried among sand, are all that remain to indicate where the humble dwelling of human hearts once sanctified the bosom of solitude;—yet were its walls the mute witnesses of love as deep—of agony as intense—as ever lived and burned within the soul beneath the roof of palaces. Nature is no respecter of places. The passions, which obey her call, belong alike to all her children; the decay which follows her footsteps is the appointed lot of all things wherein these children have a path here below.

At the period of which I spoke the cottage stood at the very base of a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs, which, retiring in a semicircle from the shore at that particular spot, left a recess at their feet, whose only opening was to the sea. This little nook, not more than half an acre in extent, was during high water entirely separated from communication with the world beyond it, as the sea flowed up to the base of the rocky walls which, girding it on either side, extended themselves along the coast. The only mode by which it was at such times possible to obtain egress from it, was one accessible only to the foot of a daring and fearless craigsman, that of scrambling on hands and knees across the face of rocks, which, beetling over a sea so high and tempestuous, looked as though they defied the pigmy efforts of man to surmount their mighty ramparts. Yet this feat, frightful as it would have appeared to one unaccustomed to it, had more than once been accomplished by the bold and sure-footed inhabitants of the coast, by means of strong wooden poles, ropes to aid their descent, and a judicious method of availing themselves of every projecting bush, or tuft of heather, to assist their toilsome progress. At ebb-tide, a narrow strip of sand, turning the projecting headlands, afforded a path whereby to gain the wider extent of shore beyond them, some three-quarters of a mile along which was situated a row of fisherman's cottages, lying on the right hand, after leaving the solitary cabin above mentioned, which stood aloof and secluded from all, yet wearing a character very superior to that of the others. Its appearance, in fact, was nearer that of the neat and carefully-kept

abodes of peasantry on a Lowland gentleman's estate, than the slovenly hut of a northern fisherman. Some pains had been taken to form a little garden beside it, at the sheltering foot of the cliff; and these pains—screened as it was from all winds, even from those blowing off the sea, at least in ordinary weather—had been attended with considerable success. Every thing around the door was kept in extreme order; and the narrow strip of grass on which the sand had not encroached, served as a little bleaching-green to the fisherman's young and lovely Lowland wife, on which she was often to be seen spreading out her clothes, and with her baby laid upon the grass beside her, while awaiting the return of her husband from his fishing; at which time it was her usual custom to repair to the beach, in order to assist him in carrying up his nets to the house.

Allan Mac Tavish, her husband, was a tall and handsome young Highlander, who had, about two years previous to the time of which I write, arrived in that part of the country to settle, with his newly-married wife. He was a native of the coast, and had been bred a fisherman from childhood; but some time before his marriage he had left the country, to accompany his foster-brother, a young Highland gentleman, to the bridge of Allan, a watering-place in Stirlingshire, whither he had been ordered for his health. The young laird's affection for his foster-brother was such that he could not endure to be separated from him, and Allan left his fishing to go with him. The laird returned no more; he died in the Lowlands, but Allan Mac Tavish came back, enriched by a small legacy from him, and accompanied by one of the prettiest girls in all Stirlingshire as his wife. From that time they had continued to reside in the Cove of Craignavarroch, as the spot where their cottage stood was named, to all appearance the happiest of couples. They were dotingly attached to each other; and when, on returning from his fishing, Allan Mac Tavish sat down beside his clean and cheerful hearth, with his infant on his knee, while his wife spun, or mended his nets beside him, he at least felt that the world did not contain for him a spot so blessed as his own little home.

But there was one heart in the group that felt as though it dared not be happy. Margaret Weir, the young wife of Allan, loved her husband with a depth and intensity of affection which had led her to do as she had done—to violate filial duty for his sake, but which could not teach her to forget the fault she committed, or the parent whom she had deserted; and the consciousness of her disobedience was with her, in her happiest hour, to sink her heart as with a weight of lead. She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, originally from Argyshire, who had come during his daughter's childhood, immediately after the death of his wife, to settle in Stirlingshire, not far from the Bridge of Allan. Andrew Weir was one of those who still retain, almost in all their original strictness, the peculiar tenets, and ideas of the Cameronians; of whom there are many to be found at the present day in the wild and lonely districts of the southwestern part of Scotland. His notions of family

discipline, and of strict seclusion from those who held a different doctrine from his own, were extremely rigid;—yet notwithstanding these, the affection which he had borne his daughter was very great,—nor had the harmony subsisting between them ever experienced any interruption, until the arrival of Allan Mac Tavish near their place of residence, and his subsequent acquaintance with Margaret, first broke in upon the calm tenor of her life, by introducing sensations to which her heart had never before been awakened. The intimacy of his daughter with the young Highlander had continued for a considerable time, ere Andrew Weir became aware of it; for Margaret knew her father's prejudices too well to dare to make him acquainted with her lover. It came to his knowledge by accident, and his anger was proportionably great. In common with many of his countrymen, Andrew entertained an extreme dislike to Highlanders, which dislike, in the present instance, received tenfold confirmation from the circumstances of Mac Tavish being a Catholic. He would have considered himself as signing the warrant for his daughter's eternal perdition, had he not instantly forbidden all intercourse between them.

At this conjuncture, Allan's foster-brother died, and left him the legacy already mentioned, but with his death, at the same time, ceased all the reasons for Allan's remaining absent from his own country. He contrived an interview with Margaret ere he should depart. It is needless to linger on an oft-told tale. The struggle between filial affection and all-powerful love in the heart of the unsophisticated girl, was severe and long continued; while the religious feelings in which she had been educated contributed to swell the amount of reluctance and of terror with which she contemplated the step to which she was urged. But love at last prevailed.—Margaret fled from her father's house with her lover. They instantly proceeded to Edinburgh, where they were married by a Catholic priest; and then sought the lonely solitude of Allan's old Argyllshire mountains. But Margaret,—so strict had been the filial obedience in which she was brought up, so severe the religious faith of her youth,—could not find happiness the portion of her married life, notwithstanding all the kindness of her husband, the loveliness of her infant, and the peacefulness of her home. The image of her gray-haired father going down in his sorrow to a lonely grave, mourning, in bitterness of heart the sin and the falling away of his only child, was ever before her eyes. She concealed from her husband the remorse which embittered her happiness; but often when his boat was on the sea, and she was alone in her little dwelling with her infant,—not a sight or a sound of a human being near,—nothing but the sea-birds screaming from the cliffs, and the sea making wild music to their song, as it splashed and roared against the rocks that shut out the cove from the world—often at such an hour, would Margaret look back to the image of the cheerful farm-house in the green sunny holm, by Allan water;—to the blazing ingle, by whose side stood her old father's chair,—to the venerable form of that now forsaken father, as he opened “the big Ha' Bible,” to begin the evening

worship; while she sat by his side, and the farm servants formed a circle around. Alas! her accustomed seat was empty now. The name of the undutiful daughter was heard no more in the dwelling of her childhood. Had she indeed still a father? or had her guilty desertion not broken his heart and sent him to a death-bed which no filial hand had smoothed?—Then would she press her babe to her heart, while the tears of bitter and fruitless penitence fell on its innocent face, and pray to God that her sin might not be visited on it; nor be punished in her own person by a like instance of ingratitude in her own child. The return of her beloved husband might for a time dispel these miserable thoughts; but still they came again when he left her—sometimes even when he was by her side. And when, as often happened, his boat was out in rough and tempestuous weather, the anxiety and the terror of poor Margaret were indeed terrible. She seemed ever haunted by some mysterious dread of punishment through the means of her warmest affections—her husband or her child.

There came a bright sunny day in April, when the sun set calmly and cloudlessly, leaving a long train of light over the sea. Allan Mac Tavish went to his bed at sunset, bidding his wife awaken him at eleven at night. It would be high tide in about an hour after that time, when his boat would be most easily floated off; and he, in common with the fishermen who lived in the huts already mentioned, farther along the coast, were then to depart on their expedition. Margaret determined accordingly to sit up until that hour, in order to obviate any danger of not waking in proper time, had she laid down to sleep. But as the night darkened in, and all became stillness and silence in the cottage, an unwonted drowsiness crept over her: in spite of all her efforts, her eyes closed—thoughts wavered before her mind in confused and shapeless forms, till they gradually melted away into dreams; and leaning her head on a chair beside the low stool on which she had seated herself, she sank into a profound sleep.

When at last she opened her eyes, which was with a sudden start, she perceived her husband standing on the floor, and nearly dressed. Casting her eyes towards a silver watch (the gift of Allan's foster-brother,) which hung upon the wall, she perceived by the firelight that it was after eleven: and hastily rose from her seat, in that confusion of ideas which attends a hurried awakening from sleep.

“Margaret, dear,” said her husband kindly, “what for did ye stay out of bed? I never knew till I wakened, and saw ye sleeping there.”

“Have I no' been i' my bed?” exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around her, “Oh, ay, I mind it a' noo. I just felt asleep sittin' aside the fire. An', Allan, whar are ye gaun e'en noo?”

“Where am I gaun?” returned Allan. “Where would I be gaun? Ye're no awake yet, Margaret, dear. I am for the boat, lass.”

“The boat!” almost shrieked Margaret, as the recollection seemed to rush upon her; “the boat!—Oh no, Allan, ye maunna' gang the nicht, Allan. Ye maunna' gang!”

“Not gang to night!” exclaimed he in aston-

ishment. "And what for no? I must gang in half an hour's time. And gang ye to your bed, hinny, and tak a sleep."

"Oh, Allan," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "be guided by me, and take na the boat the nicht, or we'se a' rue it."

"What's the matter, Margaret?" anxiously inquired he. "What's pitten that in yer head?"

"I had a dream e'en now, Allan," sobbed Margaret, "that warned me no to let ye gang. I fell asleep, and I dreamed that I was sittin' here, i' the ingleneuk, an, waitin' till it was time to wauken ye for the fishin', an' on a sudden the door opened, and my auld father cam ben, and stood afore me; there whar you're stannin', Allan. An' I thoct he leukit gay an' stern-ways at me; an' says he, 'Margaret,' says he, 'tell your husband to bide at hame the nicht, and no gang to the fishin', or ye'll may be rue it when ye canna mend it.' And wi' that he turned roun', and gaed awa' again, or ever I had poer to speak till him; an' I startit up, and wankenet wi' the fricht. But do, Allen!" and Margaret again burst into a flood of weeping: "it's na for nocht that I've seen the auld man this nicht. Be ruled by the warnin' he gied me, and dinna gang to the fishin'."

"Hoots, bairn," exclaimed her husband, "your father liked na' me. It was mair like he wad warn ye no' to let me gang, to hinder me from some good than from ill. No, no, Margaret dear, gang I must, this night."

Margaret again wept, wrung her hands, and implored her husband not to go. But superstitious as every Highlander is, on this night it appeared that his wife's mysterious dream made no impression upon Allan Mac Tavish. His spirits, on the contrary, had seldom seemed so high or so excited. He led Margaret to the door;—shewed her the calm, clear sky, brilliant with stars, and the full spring-tide coming so tranquilly into the little bay;—asked her with a kiss, if this were a night to let a dream frighten him from his fishing; and without awaiting farther remonstrance, strode to the place where his boat was moored: and as he pushed it from the shore, turned his head, once more to utter a light and laughing farewell. "Gang to your bed, my bonny Peggy," he said, "and be up belyae the morn, to see the grand boat load o' fish that I'll bring ye back."

Margaret stood upon the shore and watched his boat as it doubled the headland, until, through the darkness, her straining eyes could no longer discern it; heedless the while of the still advancing tide, that now laved her feet. She dried her tears, and looked up to the calm heaven, where not a cloud obscured the dark-blue bosom of night; till at last, half reassured by her husband's cheerful anticipations, half cheered by the serene aspect of the weather, she returned to the cottage, and after commending him in a fervent prayer to the protection of heaven, she replenished the fire with peats, and lay down beside her child, where, in a short time, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

How long Margaret had slept she knew not; but it could not have been very long, for, except the fitful flashes of the firelight, all was darkness

in the cottage, when she was suddenly awakened by a loud prolonged sound. She started up in bed, and listened, in an agony of apprehension that almost froze her blood in her veins. It was no dream,—no delusion, she distinctly heard the loud wild howling of the awakened blast, raging overhead as though it would tear off the very roof of the cottage, and scatter it in its fury. She had sunk to sleep when all was stillness on earth and in heaven. She awoke to a tumult as awful as though all the winds had at once been set free from their cave, and dispatched to waste their wrath upon the vexed bosom of the sea. But, deeper and more awful than the winds, there came another sound—the raging of the waters, as they rose in their might, and dashed themselves with a loud booming roar upon the cliffs. Margaret sprang from her bed, and, undressed as she was, rushed to the cottage door. The instant she raised the latch, the force of the tempest dashed it open against the wall. She looked out into the night. A pitchy darkness now brooded over all things; every star seemed blotted from the face of heaven; but dimly through the gloom she could descry the white crests of the waves, as they surged and lashed the beach within a few yards of the cottage door. The tide had risen to a height almost unexampled on that coast beneath the influence of a vernal storm; it had far overpassed its usual limits within the Cove of Craignavarroch; and on the rocks, beyond which it could not go, it was breaking high,—high over head,—with a noise like thunder. Never was change in the weather more sudden and more complete. Margaret stood for a minute in speechless horror and dismay; then, rushing back into the cottage, she fell upon her knees, and held up her hands to heaven: "Lord God!" she exclaimed—"have mercy! have mercy!" She could not utter another word. She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in agony.

Still the tempest raged, and the waves roared on. Margaret dressed herself, and carefully covered her infant, whose sweet sleep was unbroken by the fearful tumult. Again she went to the door, and stood, looking into the night, regardless of the wind, which drove a heavy rain against her face. She strained her ears to distinguish some sound,—some cry,—amid the pauses of the hurricane. As well might she have striven to distinguish the low music of the woodland bird, as the wildest shriek that ever broke from the lips of despair and anguish, in the midst of an uproar of the elements like that which she had dreamt of hearing. But those from whom that sound must have come, were far—far beyond where her ear could catch their voices.

She closed the door, returned into the room, and knelt down again on the floor, burying her face and closing her ears, as if to shut out the noise of the tempest; while her whole frame shook with the gasping sobs which brought no tears to relieve her; and at every fresh howl of the blast, she shuddered and her limbs shrank closer together. She tried to pray,—but the words died upon her lips. She could not speak;—she could not even think;—she only felt as though she were all one nerve—one thrilling



nerve-quivering beneath repeated and torturing pangs.

On a sudden the wind sunk,—completely sunk. For the space of three minutes there was not a breath heard to blow. Margaret raised her head, and listened. All was still. She was about to spring from the ground, when back—back it came again,—the hideous burst—the roaring billow of the augmented hurricane, as though it had gained strength and fierceness from its brief repose! Back it came—shaking the very cottage walls, and rattling the door and little window as though it would burst them open,—and Margaret flung herself forward again with a wild shriek, and clasped her hands over her ears again, to deaden the sound.

Then she started from the ground, as a thought struck her, which seemed to bring some faint gleam of hope. "I kenna wnan the storm began," said she to herself. "He may never hae wae farrer nor the houses ayont the craigs yonder,—or they may hae pitten back time to ashore there; and he'll be biddin' the mornin's licht, and the fa' in' o' the wind, or he come back here again. Oh, ay, that'll just be it! Surely—surely that'll be it," she repeated, as if to assure herself of the truth of what she had said. She took down the watch from the nail on which it hung, and looked at it by the fire-light. The hand pointed to half past two. "Oh! will it never be day?—will it never be licht again?" she exclaimed as she replaced it, "that I may win yont the craigs, and see gin he be there." She went again to the door. All was darkness still, and wild uproar without. No gleam of light to announce the far distant dawn. A fresh burst of wind drove her back. "Oh!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "I gin he had been advised by me! But the dochter that left her father's gray hairs to mourn her, deserves na' a better lot. It was e'en owre muckle guidness to gie me a warnin' o' it."

The long dark hours of that terrible night dragged on—on—in all the torments, the unutterable torments of suspense. And if any thing can aggravate those torments, it is enduring them amid darkness. There is something awfully indefinite at all times in the thick impenetrable gloom of night:—but when that gloom is armed with terrors, and big with dangers, to which the very impossibility of ascertaining their extent adds tenfold in the imagination, then it is that we truly feel the full amount of its awfulness. At last a faint dim glimmer of gray light began to break over the trembling waves.—Again Margaret was at her cottage door. It was barely light enough to show her how mountainous were the billows that dashed and raved upon the shore,—how thick and heavy were the clouds that darkened the sky. The wind howled with unabated fury, and the rain drove against her by fits. She could just discern, by the faint day-break, the white foam that marked the tops of the waves, which were now ebbing from the bay; while a thick rib of sand and sea-weed upon the grass not far from the door, marked how fearfully high they had flowed through the night. She cast an eager glance towards the cliff. Surely by this time it would be practicable to scramble along their base, and to reach

the path on the shore of the fishermen's huts?—She felt as though it were impossible to remain another instant in that state of terrible uncertainty. But then, her infant! She durst not carry it out by so hazardous a path, in the wet, cold, dark dawn; and should she leave it behind, it might wake and miss her! She turned distractedly into the room, and approached its bed. It was still in a sound and tranquil sleep; and with a desperate effort of resolution, she determined to make the attempt. She approached the door, and fastened her plaid firmly around her, ere she stepped forth upon her scarce distinguishable way.

At that moment, ere Margaret could cross the threshold, a strange sensation came across her. A cold air rushed past her, like that occasioned by the rapid approach and still more rapid passing of some undiscernible object. A dimness came over her sight; she could not be said to see—but she felt as if something cold and wet had glided swiftly by her, with a scarce perceptible contact, into the house. A damp dew overspread her forehead; her limbs trembled and bent beneath her, as she instinctively turned round, and looked into the room which she had quitted. The light was so faint, that within the house it scarce vanquished the darkness; but a bright gleam flashing up from the fire, showed every thing in the room distinctly for an instant's space; and by that gleam, Margaret beheld the figure of her husband standing within the door, pale, as it seemed to her, and dim, and shadowy, with the water dripping from his clothes and hair. The fire-flash sunk as instantaneously as it had shone, and all was again obscurity, as she dropped upon the floor in a swoon.

When the unhappy wife again opened her eyes, and recovered her perceptions of what was passing around her, she found herself laid in her own bed. The bright glorious sunshine was beaming in at the cottage window, as though to mock her desolation. Several women, from the neighbouring fishing village, were in the room, one of whom held in her arms the infant of Margaret, whom she was endeavouring to soothe and quiet; and at the moment she raised her head, the door opened, and upon the self-same spot where she had that morning beheld his likeness stand, she saw the lifeless corpse of her drowned husband, borne in the arms of some of his comrades, who had with difficulty rescued it from the devouring waves; yet rescued it too late to save.

Some weeks afterwards, as the household of Andrew Weir, were rising from their evening devotions, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the kitchen in which they were all assembled. The old farmer himself went to open it. A female figure, pale, thin, and wasted, clad in deep mourning, and holding an infant in her arms, stood trembling before him. He gazed on her for a moment in silent uncertainty, then desired her to "come in bye."

"Father," said she, clasping her attenuated hands together, "do ye no ken me?" An electric shock of recognition seemed to run through the old man's face. He sank into a chair that stood by the door, and with averted face waved his hand, as though to bid the intruder be gone.

"Father!" she exclaimed, flinging herself on the ground before him, and clasping his knees, "the hand of the Lord has been upon me, for my fault, I am back to crave your pardon, or I dee. Oh! dinna cast me aff! I hae been sair chasteessed; sair, sair, chasteessed."

A murmur of sympathy and compassion arose from the assembled group of old and attached domestics. The farmer remained silent yet a little space, with his gray head bowed upon his hands, and his whole frame shaking with strong convulsive shudderings. He raised his face at last; and while every feature working with emotion, he stretched forth his hand to the weeping culprit at his knee—

"Rise, Margaret," he said, in a broken voice, "rise, my bairn, the Lord grant ye peace and pardon, as freely as your father dees the nicht." And the penitent and mourning daughter was clasped once more to her parent's heart.

Margaret died not long after in her father's arms, rejoicing with humble faith in her release. The infant son remained with his grandfather; and the cottage which had been the scene of his parents' brief time of wedded love—of his mother's widowed anguish, was left uninhabited, and speedily fell to decay, which was accelerated by the encroachments of the sea upon the Cove. Some broken expressions which escaped from Margaret, regarding the apparition seen by her on the morning of her husband's death, being speedily circulated among the inhabitants of the coast, deterred any one from ever attempting again to fix a habitation in the Cove of Craignavarroch. The place acquired the reputation of being "uncanny;" and at present, there are few fishermen who would willingly put in there after nightfall, however rough the sea, and however distant their destined haven. It stands in the solitude and the desolation befitting the theatre of such a tale.

From the Liverpool Chronicle.

#### THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE.—By J. S. WALKER.

The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,  
The ship o'er the billows rolled,  
When silent and slow, we bore from below  
The corse of our ship-mate bold.

On the gratings placed, in his hammock laced,  
The ensign floating o'er him;  
We thought of his worth, but no words found birth,  
To tell the love we bore him.

And we weighted him well, with shot and shell,  
That far beneath the wave,  
His sleep might be, secure and free  
In the deep, deep coral cave.

A while we stood, in musing mood,  
Then lowered him o'er the side,  
And we wistfully took a parting look,  
As he sank on the dark blue tide.

Some bubbles arose, from his place of repose,  
And as quickly forever fled;  
We gave but one tear—but that was sincere—  
One sigh—for the honoured dead.

But the sea-bird's wail, and the stormy gale,  
And the roar of the ocean wave,  
Sang deep and long, the funeral song  
O'er the seaman's traceless grave,  
Freston, Dec. 1833.

From Russell's Work. No. XLII. of the Family Library.

#### ABYSSINIAN ZOOLOGY.

##### TRAITS OF THE HYENA.

Hyenas generally inhabit caverns and other rocky places, from whence they issue under cover of the night to prow for food. They are gregarious, not so much from any social principle, as from a greediness of disposition and a gluttonous instinct, which induce many to assemble even over a scanty and insufficient prey. They are said to devour the bodies which they find in cemeteries, and to disinter such as are hastily or imperfectly inhumed. There seems, indeed, to be a peculiar gloominess and malignity of disposition in the aspect of the hyena, and its manners in a state of captivity are savage and untractable. Like every other animal, however, it is perfectly capable of being tamed. —A contradictory feature has been observed in its natural instincts. About Mount Libanus, Syria, the north of Asia, and the vicinity of Algiers, the hyenas, according to Bruce, live mostly upon large succulent bulbous roots, especially those of the fritillaria, &c., and he informs us that he has known large patches of the fields turned up by them, in search for onions and other plants. He adds that these were chosen with such care, that after having been peeled, if any small decayed spot became perceptible, they were left upon the ground.

In Abyssinia, however, and many other countries, their habits are certainly decidedly carnivorous; yet the same courage or fierceness, which an animal diet usually produces, does not obviously manifest itself in this species. In Barbary, according to Bruce, the Moors in the daytime seize the hyena by the ears and drag him along, without his resenting that ignominious treatment, otherwise than by attempting to draw himself back; and the hunters, when his cave is large enough to give them entrance, take a torch in their hands and advance straight towards him, pretending at the same time to fascinate him by a senseless jargon. The creature is astounded by the noise and glare, and allowing a blanket to be thrown over him, is thus dragged out. Bruce looked up a goat, a kid and a lamb all day with a Barbary hyena which had fasted, and he found the intended victims in the evening alive, and uninjured. He repeated the experiment, however, on another occasion, during the night, with a young ass, a goat, and a fex, and next morning he was astonished to find the whole of them, not only killed, but actually devoured, with the exception of some of the ass's bones!

##### ANECDOTE TOLD BY BRUCE.

Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to lie there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive they would bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers around me, though I was surrounded with several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them. One night in Maisha, being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing.

Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, resolved directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him, I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling the wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me; so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him; and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe.

#### HIPPOTAMUS HUNTING.

Mr. Salt and his party stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, which commanded one of the favorite pools, and they had not remained long before a hippopotamus rose to the surface, at a distance of not more than 20 yards. He came up at first very confidently, raising his enormous head out of the water, and snoring violently. At the same instant their guns were discharged, the contents of which appeared to strike directly on its forehead; on which it turned its head with an angry scowl, and making a sudden plunge, sank to the bottom, with a peculiar noise, between a grunt and a roar. They for some minutes entertained sanguine hope that he was killed, and momentarily expected to see his body ascend to the surface. But it soon appeared that a hippopotamus is not so easily slain—for he rose again, ere long, close to the same spot, and apparently not much concerned at what had happened, though somewhat more cautious than before. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as formerly; and although some of the party continued firing at every one that made his appearance, they were by no means certain that they produced the slightest impression upon any of them. This they attributed to their having used leaden balls, which are too soft to enter his almost impenetrable skull.

It appears from what they witnessed, that the hippopotamus cannot remain more than five or six minutes under water. One of the most interesting parts of the amusement was to witness the perfect ease with which these animals quietly drop down to the bottom; for the water being exceedingly clear, they could distinctly see them so low as twenty feet below the surface.

#### RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The eyes of a Rhinoceros are extremely small; and his neck is stiff, and his head cumbersome; he seldom turns round so as to see any thing that is not directly before him. To this, according to Bruce, he owes his death, as he never escapes if there is as much plain ground as to enable a horse to get in advance. His pride and fury then induce him to lay aside all

thoughts of escaping but by victory. He stands for a moment at bay, then starting forward, he suddenly charges the horse, after the manner of the wild boar, which animal he greatly resembles in his mode of action. But the horse easily avoids his ponderous onset, by turning short aside, and this is the fatal instant; for a naked man, armed with a sharp sword, drops from behind the principal hunter, and unperceived by the Rhinoceros, who is seeking to wreak his vengeance on his enemy, he inflicts a tremendous blow across the tendon of the heel, which renders him incapable of either flight or resistance.

In speaking of the large allowance of vegetable matter necessary to support this enormous living mass, we should take into consideration the vast quantity of water which it consumes. No country, according to Bruce, but such as that of the Shangallaga, deluged with six months rain, full of large and deep basins, hewn out by nature in the living rock, which are shaded by dark woods from evaporation, or one watered by extensive rivers which never fall low or to a state of dryness, can supply the vast draughts of its enormous maw. As an article of food he is himself much esteemed by the Shangalla; and the soles of his feet, which are soft, like those of a camel, and of a gristly substance, are peculiarly delicate. The rest of the body resembles that of the hog, but it is coarser, and is pervaded by a smell of musk.

#### THE MOUNTAIN VULTURE.

On the highest summit of the mountain Lamalmon, while the traveller's servants were refreshing themselves, after the fatigue of a toilsome ascent, and enjoying the pleasures of a delightful climate, and a good dinner of boiled goat's flesh, a Lammergeyer suddenly made his appearance among them. A great shout, or rather cry of distress, attracted Bruce's attention, who, while walking towards the bird, saw it deliberately put its foot into the pan, which contained a huge piece of meat prepared for boiling. Finding the temperature somewhat higher than it was accustomed to, among the pure gushing springs of that romantic region, it suddenly withdrew its foot, but immediately afterwards settled upon two large pieces which lay upon a wooden platter, into which it thrust its claws, and carried them off. It disappeared over the edge of a "steep Tarpeian rock," down which criminals were thrown, and whose remains had probably first induced the bird to select that spot as a place of sojourn. The traveller, in expectation of another visit, immediately loaded his rifle, and it was not long before the gigantic bird reappeared.

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,  
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
Dislodged from a region scarce of prey,  
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids  
On hills where flocks are fed, flies to ards the springs  
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive  
With sails and wind their cany wagons light;

so landed the Lammergeyer within ten yards of the savory mess, but also within an equal distance of Bruce's practised rifle. He instantly

sent his ball through his body, and the ponderous bird sank down upon the grass with scarcely a flutter of its outspread wings.

### SERPENTS.

There are not many serpents in Upper Abyssinia, and few remarkable animals of that class even in the lower counties; if we except a species of boa, commonly so called, which attains to the length of twenty feet. It feeds upon antelopes and the deer kind, which it swallows entire. Its favorite places of resort are by the sides of grassy pools of stagnant rivers, where it lies in ambush, ready to encircle in its horrid folds whatever quadruped approaches.

A remarkable and noted serpent of these parts, is the cerastes, or horned viper. It hides itself all day in holes in the sand, where it lives in little chambers similar and contiguous to those of the jerboa. Bruce kept a pair of them in a glass jar for two years, without any food; they did not appear to sleep even in winter; and cast their skins during the last days of April. This poisonous reptile is very fond of heat; for however warm it might be during the day, whenever Bruce made fire at night it seldom happened that fewer than half a dozen were found burnt to death by approaching too close to the embers.

It seems there are Crocodiles also in Abyssinia, of a greenish color and enormous size. The natives are so exceedingly afraid of them, that in the hottest weather they dare not bathe where they are seen, and will not even wash their hands at the water's edge, without a companion with them to throw stones at the Crocodiles.

The following excellent sketch, full of humor and philosophy, we take from a number of the London Magazine, published many years ago. It is one of the best productions of that rich and tranquil writer, Charles Lamb. The sketch purported to come from the papers of one R—d, a respectable London merchant, of a humorous turn of mind, who was placed in the pillory for some alleged fraud on the revenue. Our readers of course know generally, that in this place of punishment, the culprit is exposed on a scaffold, within a kind of frame, to the missiles, foul and hurtful, of a metropolitan mob; being turned every quarter of an hour, to face different points of the compass. The attendant who manages these turnings of the culprit, goes by the name of *Jack Ketch*. An address to him from the prisoner, opens the piece.

### REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

SCENE, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Time.—*Twelve to One—Noon.*

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neathand. Pristee adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind? and so on, till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this

mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honor of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon the vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplated with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it?—*(Here an egg narrowly misses him.)* That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no massive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podrida; they have need of them. *(A brick bat is let fly.)*—

Disease not, I pray you, dismantle not your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. *(A coal flies.)* Cinders are dear gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your cuttings from the shambles at three ha'pence a pound shall stand at cold a simmer. Now, south, about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What, my friends from over the water! Old benchers; flies of a day; ephemeral Romans; welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? Can it dispeople purgatory; ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces like Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It wont be esteemed an ordinary vision, a quotidian merely. Doubtless these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation,—some intimation, as it were of wisdom, piety, valor, and so-forth. My sight dazzles; and if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painters now, to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient; the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James' air in these new friends. Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made forever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were; you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture; a gentle enthasiasmus; which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of

every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious: which owing no window tax, art yet all casement out of which men will have such pleasure in peering, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, reclusive from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruits! Throne, unshared, and single, that disdains a Brentford competitor! Honor without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre, in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From the giddy heights I look down upon the herd who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them, and mouth open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me your flock, your overseer! What, though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate*! Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou young brother to the gallows, without his rough and Eban palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claim presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile of groundling rogues and earth kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting house, the temporary retreat of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Pryme hover o'er thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebheare—from their (little more elevated) stations that look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly!—I stand upon a level with all kings. They and I from equal superciliousness, o'erlook the plodding, money hunting tribe below; who busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals.\* He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever winged hours would but stand still! But I must descend, from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot, with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

Several statues of Charles II., are placed near the London Exchange, without and within.

BEAUTIFUL QUOTATION.—The Rev. D. Griffin, in his speech before the American Education Society, appealed to "the sex, who, like ministering angels, love to hover about the chambers of sickness"—who owe so much to Christianity; and introduced this beautiful quotation:

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholty tongue;  
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,  
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.

Written for the Casket.

#### WHAT I'D BE.

I would be a summer cloud  
Soaring through the ether proud,  
Fitting round the azure sky,  
Or in the sunbeams tow'ring high;  
Who'd be then as gay as I?  
"These have but a transient day,  
Summer clouds soon pass away,—  
Winter comes with chilling gloom  
And sends them shivering to the tomb!"

Then I'd be a blushing rose  
That around its fragrance throws,  
Blooming on my parent stem,  
With brightness like some orient gem;  
Who'd be then as gay as I?  
"Roses beautiful may bloom  
Sending round their rich perfume;  
But how soon their beauty fly,  
Scarce they're blooming ere they die!"

Then I'd be a little dove,  
Soaring thro' the clouds above,  
Now to lands remote I'd fly,  
Now I'd swell my wood-notes high;  
Who'd be then as gay as I?  
"Thou on pinions light may'st soar,  
And the distant land explore;  
Though awhile may'st gaily sing,  
But death shall seize thee on the wing!"

Then I'd be a twinkling star,  
Seen amid the mists afar;  
And though clouds o'erspread the sky,  
Still I'd hold my place on high;  
Who'd be then as gay as I?  
"Mortal, every thing shall fall,  
Stars shall from their sockets fall;  
And know, while o'er this earth you plod,  
All that is shall change, but GOD."

Philad.

Lisle.

#### INSANITY.

It is difficult to account for the severity of treatment which the insane have received. For many centuries the sentiment seems to have been almost unquestioned, that this class of invalids should be terrified and lashed and goaded to the serene enjoyment of their mental powers. Celsus says, that this unnatural excitement of the mind, must be allayed by starvation, chains, and the lash.

Willis, an eminent English physician, who wrote about two centuries since, recommends manacles, fetters and stripes, and insists upon coarse food, rough clothing, a hard bed, and treatment generally rigid and severe. It mattered not whether the patient was a hardy sailor, or the refined lady, who had been nurtured from the table of dainties, and had reposed on the couch of down.

Savages, who generally suppose that insanity results from demoniacal possession, have a shadow of reason on their side, when they endeavor to whip the demon out of the body into which he has intruded. But it is indeed strange, that civilized nations, with more enlightened views as to the nature of the disease, should so long have followed this cruel, unnatural prescription. Every measure seems to have been adopted which ingenuity could devise to torture and terrify the poor maniac into sanity. Among these instruments of torture 'the bath of surprise' is one, which not unfrequently has proved fatal. The unsuspect-

ing patient, perhaps in feeble health, and with a nervous system highly excited, is blindfolded and led across a room, when he is unsuspectingly plunged into a bath of cold water, the sides of which are carefully guarded with cushions. The sudden shock and fright are so great, that not in a few instances the patient has never recovered from them.

Sometimes the patient would be seated in a chair, and from a trap-door fourteen feet above his head, a large pail of water would suddenly be poured upon him. Enfeebled in body by damp dungeons, degraded by heavy chains, and exasperated by unkind treatment, it is not strange that so few should recover. A farmer in Scotland who kept a private mad-house, was in the habit of yoking a number of the insane in his plough, and goading them on to plough his fields.

There are but few so far lost to self respect as not to feel, and keenly feel, such degradation.

Insanity does not always blunt the sensibilities; it not unfrequently excites them to greater acuteness. A nobleman of England, of fine and cultivated mind, suddenly became insane, and manifested so much violence that it was necessary to confine him with the straight waistcoat. The restraint and imagined insult exasperated him to the highest degree. Offended pride increased his delusion and ravings. One day his physician urged him to walk in the garden for exercise. 'No sir!' he replied, 'I will not while in this degraded condition!' (glancing at the straight waistcoat) 'But, my Lord, no one will see you there.' 'Ah sir!—what a base man you must be to think it is being seen!—No sir, it is not my body's degradation—it is my mind that is degraded and suffers.'

This man while most furiously insane, felt the ignominy to which he was exposed by confinement and restraint.

There are perhaps no institutions in which oppression and abuse may be more easily practised than in asylums for the insane. Persons perfectly sane have not unfrequently been confined for long periods, and subjected to the most rigorous treatment, in consequence of the representations of others, who from motives of interest or revenge desired their seclusion. It has been by no means a difficult task to have a sane man shut up in the wards of a lunatic hospital. A man of slight eccentricities of character has a large fortune which relatives are anxious to secure. They place him in some private institution. The man is indignant at this treatment, and his indignation passes for raving. Perhaps he makes a great effort to control his feelings, and most earnestly denies being the subject of any mental derangement.

His very denial is considered as evidence against him, and his moderation is regarded as the proverbial cunning with which the lunatic endeavours to effect his escape.

A man of undisturbed understanding, suddenly surprised by the servants of a lunatic asylum, with hand-cuffs ready, and a coach waiting to carry him off, would infallibly exhibit some signs easily construed into proofs that he was "not right in his head." A man of shy and eccentric habits, if exposed to a similar outrage, would manifest his feelings in moods still more peculiar, and furnish abundant proofs of undeniable madness; and if the attempt were made on an individual of a

susceptible nervous system, of irritable temperament, suffering too under some temporary cause of discomposure or affliction, no one who has ever attended to the inequalities of his own mind, can doubt that his mental government would be sufficiently shaken to warrant any restraint or coercion on the part of those who would seldom be found reluctant to restrain and coerce.

Once confined, the very confinement is admitted as the strongest of all proofs, that the man must be mad. When, after suffering so much wrong, he has an opportunity of speaking to the appointed visitors of the house, supposing him to be confined where he can be visited, and supposing him not to give way to his feelings, but to control them,—his entreaties, his anxious representations, his prayers for liberty,—what do they avail. The keeper of the asylum is accustomed to all these things. He knows that the truly and dangerous insane can act in the same way; and from ignorance, in the absence of any bad intention, he entirely disregards the patient's words. The visitors, knowing nothing of the shades of disordered minds, or not reflecting upon them, are told that they see the 'best of him'; that it is one of his 'good days'; that he is often dreadfully violent; or that if left to himself he will commit suicide; and they shrink from the responsibility of deciding, where they know it is very possible they may be wrong!

It is a much more difficult matter than is generally imagined, for a person suspected of insanity to convince others that he is not insane. In a lunatic asylum you may talk for hours with individual patients, without eliciting a single remark which detects their insanity. The most furious maniacs have hours and days of apparent freedom from any unnatural excitement. Many persons are insane upon one subject only. They will converse upon other topics with perfect propriety; their demeanor is consistent and respectful. No one would suspect their mental aberration, as long as the particular object of derangement is not introduced.

In the Hospital at Worcester, an individual was introduced, brought from some distant town, and no account of the peculiarity of his case came with him. For several weeks he gave no exhibition whatever of a disordered mind. His conduct was correct, his conversation calm and rational. One day he wished to smoke, and being told that it was contrary to the laws of the institution, he was excited to a violent rage; his insanity at once flashed out; he declared that he was high sheriff, and possessed authority paramount to any and all other. Upon this point and this only, the man was insane, and as nothing had previously occurred during his residence in the Hospital, to directly contradict his will, his particular delusion had not been elicited. Pinel mentions the case of a lunatic, confined in one of the Hospitals in France, who appeared so perfectly sane that the Commissary, after holding a long conversation with him, and detecting no shade of hallucination, ordered him to be discharged. When the certificate was handed the patient, he subscribed himself Jesus Christ, and immediately was lost in reverie and delusion.

‡ A physician was once prosecuted by an insane man for confining him without cause in a mad-



house. The lunatic underwent the most rigid examination, and was found remarkable for soundness of mind, until some one asked him about a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice. This touched the chord which awoke all his latent delusions, and he exhibited himself to the court a violent maniac.

Hence a man who is really sane, if once placed in a mad-house by the machinations of others, finds it almost impossible to prove his sanity. He can say nothing which the most furious madmen have not said. He can present no evidence of a sound mind, which has not again and again been presented by those whose delusions are the most frantic and dangerous. And if the mind has been enfeebled by disease, or agitated by calamities, or disturbed and defected by the pressure of care, it is still more difficult to sustain mental composure, under the irritations of unjust confinement and persecution.

The caprices of the human mind are inexplicable and undefinable. Mental delusions are of all kinds and degrees, from the slight shades of eccentricity to the phrenzied laugh and uncontrollable rage of the confirmed maniac. Take any definition of insanity which is laid down in treatises upon this subject, and it will either make one half the world suitable subjects for Bedlam, or it will be so narrow as to set at liberty one half of those who are now inmates of lunatic asylums. Locke says that insanity is reasoning correctly from wrong premises. And is every man who reasons from false premises mad? And does every madman reason correctly from the impression with which he is deluded? The futility of every definition hitherto offered, of the morbid conditions of the mind is now very generally admitted. When Dr. Burrow, in an important legal investigation, was asked by the court to define unsoundness of mind, he decidedly declined saying that he had heard the question frequently put to medical men of the greatest eminence, and never heard any one of them, by his explanation, make the subject at all clearer.—*Religious Magazine*.

From the New York Mirror.

#### DESCRIPTION OF A BALL ON BOARD THE FRIGATE UNITED STATES.

By N. P. WILLIS.

*Trieste*.—The guns were run out of the ports; the main and mizen-masts were wound with red and white bunting; the capstan was railed with arms and wreath of flowers; the wheel was tied with nosegays; the American eagle stood against the mainmast with a star of midshipmen's swords glittering above it; festoons of evergreens were laced through the rigging; the companion way was arched with hoops of green leaves and roses; the decks were tastefully chalked; the Commodore's skylight was piled with cushions and covered with red damask for an ottoman; seats were laid along from one barricade to the other; and the whole was enclosed with a temporary tent lined throughout with showy flags, and studded all over with bouquets of all the flowers of Illyria. Chandeliers made of bayonets, battle lanterns and candles in any quantity were disposed all over the hall. A splendid supper was set out on the gun-deck below, draped in with flags.—Our own and the Constellation's boats were to be at the pier at nine o'clock to bring off the ladies; and at noon every thing promised of the brightest.

First, about four in the afternoon, came up a saucy-looking cloud from the westernmost peak of the Friuli. Then followed from every point towards the north, an extending edge of a broad, solid black sheet which rose with the regularity of a curtain, and began to send down a wind upon us which made us look anxiously to our ballroom bowlines. The midshipmen were all forward, watching it from the forecabin. The lieutenants were in the gangway, watching it from the ladder. The commodore looked seriously out of the larboard cabin port. It was as grave a ship's company as ever looked out for a shipwreck.

The country about Trieste is shaped like a bellows, and the city and harbor lie in the nose. They have a wind that comes down through the valley, called the "bora," which several times in a year is strong enough to lift people from their feet. We could see by the clouds of dust on the mountain roads, that it was coming. At six o'clock the shrouds began to creak; the white tops flew from the waves in showers of spray, and the roof of our sea-palace began to shiver in the wind. There was no more hope. We had waited even too long. All hands were called to take down chandeliers, sword-stars and ottomans, before it was half done, the storm was upon us, the bunting was flying and flapping, the nicely chalked decks were washed with rain, and strewn with leaves of flowers, and the whole structure, the taste and labor of the ship's company for two days, was a watery wreck.

Lieutenant C—, who had had the direction of the whole, was the officer of the deck. He sent for his pea-jacket, and leaving him to pace out his watch among the ruins of his imagination, we went below to get early to bed and forgot our disappointment in sleep.

The next morning the sun rose without a veil.—The "blue Friuli" looked clear and fresh; the southwest wind came over softly from the shore of Italy, and we commenced retrieving our disaster with elastic spirit. Nothing had suffered seriously except the flowers, and boats were dispatched ashore for fresh supplies, while the awnings were lifted higher and wider than before, the bright coloured flags replaced, the arms polished and arranged in improved order, and the decks re-chalked with new devices. At six in the evening every thing was swept up, and the ball-room astonished even ourselves. It was the prettiest place for a dance in the world.

The ship has an admirable band of twenty Italians collected from Naples and other ports, and a fanciful orchestra was raised for them on the larboard side of the mainmast. They struck up a march as the first boatful of ladies stepped upon the deck, and in the course of half an hour, the waltzing commenced with at least two hundred couples, while the ottoman and seats under the hammock-cloths were filled with spectators. The frigate has a lofty poop, and there was room enough upon it for two quadrilles after it had served as a reception room. It was edged with a temporary ballustrade, wreathed with flowers and studded with lights, and the cabin beneath (on a level with the main ball-room) was set out with card tables. From the gangway entrance the scene was like a brilliant theatrical ballet.

An amusing part of it was the sailors' imitation on the forward decks. They had taken the waste shrubbery and evergreens, of which there was a great quantity, and had formed a sort of grove, extending all round. It was arched with festoons of leaves, with quantities of fruit tied among them; and over the entrance was suspended a rough picture of a frigate with the inscription "*Free trade and Sailors' rights*." The forecabin was ornamented with cutlasses and one or two nautical transparencies, with pistols and miniature ships interspersed, and the whole lit up handsomely. The men dressed in their white duck trousers and blue jackets, and sat round

on the guns playing at draughts, or listening to the music, or gazing at the ladies constantly promenading fore and aft, and to me this was one of the most interesting parts of the spectacle. Five hundred weather-beaten and manly faces are a fine sight any where.

The dance went gaily on. The reigning belle was an American, but we had lovely women of all nations among your guests. There are several wealthy Jewish families in Trieste, and their dark-eyed daughters, we may say at this distance, are full of the thoughtful loveliness peculiar to the race. Then we had Illyrians and Germans, and Terpiachore be our witness—how they danced! My travelling companion the count of Friuli was there; and his little Viennese wife, though she spoke no christian language, danced as neatly as a fairy. Of strangers passing through Trieste we had several of distinction. Among them was a fascinating Milanese marchioness, a relative of Manzoni's the novelist, (and as enthusiastic and eloquent a lover of her country as I ever listened to on the subject of oppressed Italy,) and two handsome young men the counts Neipperg, sons-in-law to Maria Louise, who amused themselves as if they had seen nothing better in the little duchy of Parma.

We went below at midnight to supper, and the ladies came up with renewed spirit to the dance. It was a brilliant scene indeed. The officers of both ships, in full uniform, the gentlemen from shore, mostly military, in full dress, the gaiety of the bright-red bunting, laced with white and blue, and studded, wherever they would stand, with flowers, and the really uncommon number of beautiful women, with the foreign features and complexions so rich and captivating to our eyes, produced altogether an effect unsurpassed by any thing I have ever seen even at the court fetes of Europe. The daylight gun fired at the close of a *gallepade*, and the crowded boats pulled ashore with their lovely freight by the broad light of morning.

#### Unpublished Letters of Robert Burns.

From Burns to James Hoyes, Esq., Gordon Castle.—No. 1.

Sir,—I will defend my conduct in giving you this trouble, on the best of Christian principles—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse to that unlucky predicament which hurried—*tore* me away from Gordon Castle. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be cursed to Scotch mile periods, and damn'd to seven league paragraphs, while declension and conjugation, gender, number, and time, under the ragged banners of dissonance and disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array!

Allow me, sir, to strengthen the small claim I have to your acquaintance by the following request. An engraver James Johnson, in Edinburgh, has, not from mercenary views, but from an honest Scotch enthusiasm, set about collecting all our native songs, and setting them to music, particularly those that have never been set before. Clarke, the well known musician, presides over the musical arrangement, and Drs. Beattie and Blacklock, Mr. Tytler, Woodhouselee, and your humble servant to the utmost of his small power, assist in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes, for a fine air, to make a stanza when it has no words. The brats, too tedious to mention, claim a parently pang from my bardship.—I suppose it will appear in Johnson's second number—the first was published before my acquaintance with him. "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," is one intended for this number, and I beg a copy of his Grace of Gordon's words to it, which you were so kind to repeat to me. You may be sure we won't prefix the author's name, except you like, though

I look upon it as no small merit to this work that the names of so many authors of old Scotch songs, names almost forgotten, will be inserted. I do not well know where to write to you—I rather write at you but if you will be so obliging immediately on receipt of this, as to write me a few lines, I shall perhaps pay you in kind though not in quality. Johnson's terms are, each number a handsome pocket volume, to consist of at least a hundred Scotch songs with basses for the harpichord, &c. The price to subscribers five shillings, to non-subs, six shillings. He will have three numbers, I conjecture.

My directions for two or three weeks will be at Mr. William Cruickshank's, St. James's-square, New Town, Edinburgh.

I am, sir, yours to command,  
Edinburgh, 30th Oct. 1787. ROBT. BURNS.

To James Hoyes, Esq. of Gordon Castle.—No. 11.

Dear Sir,—I would have wrote you immediately on receipt of your kind letter, but a mixed impulse of gratitude and esteem whispered to me that I ought to send you *something* by way of return. When a poet owes any thing, particularly when he is indebted for good offices, the payment that usually recurs to him—the only coin, indeed, in which he probably is conversant—is rhyme. Johnson sends the book by the Fly, as directed, and begs to enclose his most grateful thanks; my return, I intended, should have been one or two poetic bagatelles, which the world have not seen, or perhaps, for obvious reasons cannot see. These I shall send you before I leave Edin. They may make you laugh a little, which, on the whole, is no bad way of spending one's precious hours and still more precious breath. At any rate they will be, though a small, yet a very sincere mark of my respectful esteem, for a gentleman whose farther acquaintance I should look on as a pecuniary obligation.

The Duke's song, independent totally of his *Duke-ship*, charms me. There is I know not what of wild happiness of thought and expression peculiarly beautiful in the old Scottish song style, of which his grace, old venerable Skinner, the author of *Tullochgorum*, &c., and the late Bosc at Lochlee, of true Scottish poetic memory, are the only *modern* instances, that I recollect, since Ramsay with his contemporaries, and poor Bob Ferguson, went to the world of deathless existence and truly immortal song. The mob of mankind, that many-headed beast, would laugh at so serious a speech about an old song; but, as Job says, "O that mine adversary had written a book!"—Those who think that composing a Scotch song is a trifling business—let them try.

I wish my lord duke would pay a proper attention to the Christian admonition, "Hide not your candle under a bushel," but "let your light shine before men." I could name half a dozen dukes that I guess are a devilish deal worse employed; nay, I question, if there are half a dozen better. Perhaps there are not half that scanty number whom Heaven has favoured with the tuneful, happy, and, I will say glorious gift.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,  
ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, Nov. 6, 1787.

**SYMPATHY.**—There are two neighboring hills near Cumberland, (Eng.) viz: Skiddaw and Skuffel, of which it is said, that if the former be capt with clouds and mists, it will not be long ere rain falls on the other. They who are contiguous to each other in residence, business, friendship, or the ties of blood, must remember that if adversity is the lot of one, it will be also that of the other. Sympathy is expected and due from all towards each other; for as all are subjects of the same blessings, they are also of similar calamities.

From the New Monthly Magazine for October.

# PAGANINI'S FIDDLE.

"Il cantar, che nell'anima, si sente.—PETRARCH.

"This must be spirit music, good my Lord!"

TEMPER.

What traveller who has ever visited "Genoa la Superba," can forget the Strada Balbi, with its marble palaces, its bright frescoes, and hanging orange groves? Who can forget that clear blue sky, whose tints are reflected in the Mediterranean, and whose heat is tempered by the "aria marina," which there so greatly refreshes the southern atmosphere? Bright and sunny as the picture is, still, like all others, it has its reverse—and some of the narrow lanes, which lie in the vicinity of this magnificent street, present, as if by way of contrast, scenes of dirt, desolation, and wretchedness, unequalled in any even of the Italian cities.

In one of these miserable byeways, in 1810, the period at which our story commences, Nicolo Paganini, the violinist, "par excellence," whose name has since been borne upon the waters of fame throughout all Europe, and who has been deemed, in the judgment of the musical world, unrivalled and supreme in the arcana of his art, dwelt in poverty, unnoticed and unknown. He was the inhabitant of one of the poorest shops in the Vicolo, or narrow lane, and barely obtained enough by working as a musical instrument maker to support his aged mother, who for many years had been his sole companion. For some time past their circumstances had been gradually declining, and the little patrimony bequeathed to Paganini by his father, had been dissipated and exhausted, so that the poor Genoese had been reduced from comparative independence to obtain his daily bread by his daily labour. This had not always been the case. The little shop of Paganini had at one time exhibited an appearance of comfort, and even wealth; he and his mother Brigitta had been decently clad; and as there were not many tradesmen in Genoa who followed the same occupation, he had obtained a tolerable livelihood. At that period he might regularly have been working cheerfully at the door of his little habitation, gaily humming some of the favourite airs of his native city, and repaying with interest the good-humoured jokes of the Genoese damsels, who often raised their veils in passing to gaze upon his thin ungainly figure, and wild, spirit-like face. But all his bright prospects of independence had been clouded, and one unfortunate calamity seemed to doom him to continual melancholy, and to hopeless poverty—he had become the victim of monomania; a devoted prey to one unchangeable idea, which haunted him night and day, and whose impulses he blindly followed, regardless of the privations he might suffer or give rise to. His poor mother, deeply afflicted at seeing him thus dissipate his substance, in vain entreated him not to reduce her to misery. Her applications were disregarded, sometimes unheard, and her son continued to neglect his ordinary occupation, so that by degrees all his savings, his stock in trade, his furniture, and even his very clothes, were swallowed up in the expenses incurred by the futile experiments which

his monomania induced him to make. It must, however, be confessed, that if there had been any chance of his obtaining his object, Paganini had hit upon an excellent speculation. Having in his possession a violin of the celebrated Mantuan maker, Tartini, for which several amateurs had offered him extravagant prices, the idea of imitating the excellencies of that maker flashed across his mind. He calculated, fairly enough, that if he could produce a violin, copied from this model with mathematical exactness, formed of a similar description of wood, and coloured and varnished in a similar manner, his instrument would fully equal the original in tone and value. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, he always discovered some trifling difference between the copy and the model—some indefinitely slight distinctions which rendered it necessary to commence the work over again. Thus the poor instrument-maker seemed destined to the endless task of constructing new violins, and of making infinitely close approximations to, without ever reaching, the perfection which he aimed at. At last, after many experiments, Paganini's original ideal became somewhat modified; he had completed a violin which, to all appearance, was a perfect copy of the Tartini, and which, nevertheless, was so wholly inferior to it, that Paganini began to suspect that some element of a superior nature, some intellectual essence above his reach, existed in the composition of that *chef-d'œuvre* of violins. "Who knows," said he, raising his tall, thin figure, and fixing his dark, unhealthy eyes upon a Genoese professor, who endeavoured to solve his problem by some new application of the theory of sound—"Who knows whether I should not seek, out of the pale of this gross material world, the solution of my doubts? Words are the representatives of ideas, are they not? Well, then, when I speak of the soul of music which dwells within my violin, perhaps I may have unwittingly mentioned the obstacle which retards me; perhaps there may be a soul of music? What think you Signor?" The Professor, with an inward conviction of the madness of poor Paganini, only answered by shaking his head in that oracular, Lord Burleigh style, which means every thing or nothing, and left the shop, while Paganini continued soliloquising. "Aye, the soul of music! but how is that spirit to be invoked, and to what incantation will it prove submissive? I have heard of one Mozart, a German, who has effected wondrous music with a zauberflöte (a magic flute) why should there not be also a magic violin? Let me consider now." His head sunk on his breast, and he only became the more deeply buried in his speculations.

One day a customer, who brought him a fiddle-bow to have it repaired, forgot in his shop a book, which remained there unreclaimed for some time. Paganini, in his hours of leisure, which were rare, (for when his hands were not engaged in manual labour, his poor visionary brains were at work), turned over the leaves. It was one of those respectable monuments of Florentine patience which the press of Messrs. Giulio Aubert produced in the seventeenth century—the prototype of the modern Encyclopædias and Societies for the Diffusion of Knowl-

edge The author of the work, which thus fell into Paganini's hands, modestly professed his intention to treat "*de omnibus rebus*, and also of many other things," and certainly did his best to fulfil his profession by making his book, like Lord Brougham's head, a universal repertorium! There a chapter upon the best form of government was to be found beside one upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne; and a receipt for making Cypress wine was followed by a dissertation on the Council of Trent. As Paganini indolently turned over its leaves, the words "*Transmigration of Souls*" suddenly met his eye. He started up in extasy, feeling that his hour was come, and that the great secret which he had so long sought, and sought for in vain, was on the point of being revealed to him. He devoured the chapter, which contained merely an account of the Indian doctrine of the *Metempsychosis*; and conceiving that a new light had burst in upon him, occupied himself in making preparations for the great physiological experiment, which he hoped would soon crown his efforts.

Three months after Paganini had perused the volume which had so deeply attracted his attention, and had become imbued with the idea of the eternal transmigration of souls, through animate and inanimate bodies, thus convincing himself of the possibility of animating an inanimate violin, the interior of the little shop which he inhabited presented a strange and unusual scene. It was one o'clock in the morning; not a sound was to be heard in the devoted streets of Genoa; and then, in a small apartment behind his shop, whose darkness was only rendered visible by one small lamp, lay Brigitta Paganini, the mother of our artist, in the pangs of her last hour, on the very same black leather bed on which, thirty years before, her son Nicolo had been brought into the world. We would not, however, insinuate for a moment, that Paganini had murdered his mother for the sake of establishing his theory. No; he had not as yet reached so high a degree of apathetic philosophy. The respectable old lady was only dying of a cancer, which she had rendered inveterate by copious doses of rosolia. There she lay, a prey to all the agonies which that torturing disease inflicts upon its victims, speechless, and only giving evidence of her existence by deep and painful groans; and beside the bed stood her son Nicolo, pale but determined,—unnerved by the pangs of which he was witness,—not one tear glistening in his eyes,—not one muscle of his face exhibiting an expression of sympathy. No; all his faculties were absorbed in watching the expiring woman, while he applied to her dying lips a long leathern tube connected with the violin lying upon the table.

At fifty-two minutes and some seconds past one, the respiration of poor Brigitta suddenly ceased; her pulse stopped,—her eye became fixed;—and her son, almost shouting for joy, having received her last breath in the tube, hermetically stopped the entrance, and forced the dying sigh down the leathern passage into the body of the violin. This, it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, was the experiment over which Paganini had so long pondered. This

was the impious attempt which, with the heartlessness of ambition, he made to imprison the soul of his respectable mother in the bowels of a violin. Happily, however, the superhuman experiment was frustrated. The Indian philosophers, who fancied the last sigh, the *anima ultima*, to be synonymous with the soul, had misled him through their false system of metaphysics. The human soul has other modes of reaching the region of eternal misery or bliss than through the medium of human respiration; and the result of the experiment was to imprison, not the *soul*, but the *ghost*, the surviving human breath of the estimable Brigitta, in the fiddle of her son. It must not, however, be imagined that such audacious tampering with the things of the invisible world were unattended with evil to the bold experimenter. At the moment the great effort was accomplished, and the ghost was heard fluttering for freedom against the sides of the violin, Paganini, exhausted by the efforts which he had made, and the emotions which he had experienced, sunk lifeless upon the floor, and remained there until the sun was already high in the heavens.

When he recovered, it was only by slow degrees that the transactions of the night were presented to his mind. With a slow and trembling step he approached the bed upon which his mother lay. He closed her eyes, which seemed to regard him with a melancholy and reproachful glance; and then, throwing aside all thoughts of repentance, rushed in ecstasy to the table on which the violin lay, and, gently touching the strings, ascertained, from the soothing spiritual sounds which issued from it, that his experiment had not been without effect. His violin had at length become a something more than human!

Gradually, and by awful degrees, did Paganini venture to make use of the magic power which he had thus acquired. The place in which the incantation had been performed grew hateful to him: he quitted Genoa, where he had become an object of suspicion and envy, and went to exhibit his magic violin upon the more extensive theatres of Rome and Naples. Everywhere his music produced the most astonishing effects; everywhere he was heard with the deepest rapture, his performance striking even the most jealous of his rivals dumb with admiration. At Rome he had the honour of a private audience with the Pope at the Quirinal Palace, and had the incredibly religious audacity to perform upon the spirit of his mother for the entertainment of Pius VII. and a select conclave of Cardinals. The Pontiff, after consulting Cardinal Gonsalvi, pronounced the music to be heavenly!—a judgment which the reader must needs regard as a striking proof of Papal fallibility, as the spirit of Brigitta was not in heaven, and, at best, was subject to all the tortures of a musical purgatory,—now groaning in the *de profundis* of a bass, and now hurried aloft into the aerial wailings of a *in altissimo*. Her voice is particularly observable in his *flats*. However, Paganini departed from Rome covered with honours; and at Naples his success was still more remarkable. The king assigned a suite of apartments in the Caserta Palace for his use. The Lazzaroni, awakened from their usual "*dolce*

far niente," pointed him out to each other in the streets, "Ecco il gran sonatore;" and, better than all, the Opera-house was crowded to suffocation every night of his performance, and crowns and sonnets were showered upon his head. Little did the Roman Pontiff, or the amateurs of the San Carlo, think, while they listened to the unearthly tones of the enchanted instrument, that it was spirit music sounded in their ears,—that it was the injured spirit of the imprisoned Brigitta pleading in plaintive tones for her release.

At length, thanks to the newspapers and M. Laporte, the fame of Paganini reached the good city of London, where higher rewards than even those in the Arabian tale await the inventor of a new pleasure, and where novelty calls down a golden shower more surely than the conductor attracts the electric fluid. Money was all-powerful in the soul of the Italian, and to London he went; passing, however, through Paris, where he had the good fortune of "assisting" at a grand review of the National Guard, by Louis Philippe, one or two "emeutes," and about a dozen concerts. At London Paganini at last arrived; and there his unhallowed thirst for fame and gold was doomed to experience some foretaste of its punishment. It is true that his concerts were well attended; his name was the topic of every tongue; enterprising booksellers puffed his pseudo biographies; grave physiologists wrote essays upon his physical organization; his face and figure disfigured every printshop; and sentimental young ladies (there is no nation more romanesque than the English) hid their bewitching selves, and still more bewitching fortunes, at his feet! Even the barriers of the exclusives fell at his approach! He was fêted at Lady Y—'s and the Duke of D—'s; and, to crown the triumph of his soul, managers vied in offering him the hugest engagements!

"Sed medio do fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipais floribus angat."

"Amidst the roses fierce repentance rears her snakey crest.

While the triumph of the violinist was at its highest, the cup of pleasure, for a time, was dashed from his guilty lips. At his last concert in the Haymarket, an old Genoese, the butler of the Sardinian Ambassador, happened to be present. He had known "dans les beaux jours de sa jeunesse," under the bright sky of Italy, Brigitta Paganini; he had known and passionately loved her; and the recollections of his early attachment had never been obliterated from his susceptible bosom. When the first sound of Paganini's violin reached his ears, he started in amazement; a thousand recollections of youth, of home, of happiness, of the smiles and tears of former years, were excited by the plaintive tones of his early love issuing from the fiddle. Human nature could not support the shock, and old Pietro fainted. Some of his fellow-domestics, it is true, accused him of having swallowed at dinner too large a portion of that pernicious potation, so pleasing to Londoners, called gin; but Pietro stoutly maintained the next morning (for on the fatal evening he had been carried to bed in the most affecting state),

that his emotion had not been occasioned by any earthly spirit, but by the heavenly spirit of the long-lost Brigitta. He immediately proceeded to 22 Regent street, demanded an interview with Paganini, approached him with tottering steps, and, in a hollow voice, demanded, "Where is the mother?" This question overcame the shattered nerves of the conscience-stricken fiddler. He glared unutterable things,—struck his forehead frantically, rushed from the room, with his fiddle-case under his arm; locked the door upon the astonished Pietro,—ordered post-horses instantly,—and quitted England never to return.

Such, at least was his intention; but the love of gold is stronger than the love of one's mother, or even than the dread of her ghost. At any rate, all the Genoese think so, and some few Englishmen; otherwise so many good lessons in childhood and one's copy-book would not be so soon forgotten by the dealers in bank-notes and fiddle-notes. News was brought to Paganini that Pietro, not many hours after his interview with him, had died of a locked jaw, and that his notion of the maternal spirit had been looked upon by the incredulous English as the fancy of a disordered brain. Paganini sighed; looked at his strong box; gave a few ducats to the church of St. Siri, for the repose of his mother's soul! (so inconsistent is superstition); and set off again with that very soul in his fiddle-case for England.

"With this sauce," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, speaking of we forget what exquisite condiment, "a man might eat his father."

"With this temptation," quoth Paganini, looking at a fresh draft on a banker, with a groan betwixt rapture and remorse, "a man may, and must play the devil with the ghost of his mother."

#### THE WISHING GATE.

From *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book*, with Practical Illustrations, by L. E. L.

Wishes, no! I have not one,  
Hopes' sweet toil with me is done;  
One by one have flitted by  
All the rainbows of my sky.  
Not a star could now unfold  
Aught I once wished to be told.  
What have I to seek of thee?  
Not a wish remains for me.

Let the soldier pause to ask  
Honor on his glorious task;  
Let the parting sailor crave  
A free wild wind across the wave;  
Let the maiden pause to frame  
Blessings on some treasured name;  
Let them breathe their hopes in thee—  
Not a wish remains for me.

Not a wish! beat not my heart,  
Thou hast bade thy dreams depart;  
They have passed, but left behind  
Weary spirit, wasted mind.  
Ah! if this old charm were sooth,  
One wish yet might tax its truth;  
I would ask, however vain,  
Never more to wish again.

Seneca has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

[From the London Quarterly Review.]

# THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

From the earliest ages shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Asia, have been familiar with the more remarkable of those objects which shine by night in the sky, and to which the Persians gave the general name of stars. The word imports in its origin, to rule or direct; those lights being often the guide of the shepherd over the spacious pastures which he had to traverse, and of the husbandman as to the seasons of the year. The stars were long supposed, and still are imagined by a great majority of mankind, to be fixed; but the telescope has enabled us to say with more certainty that many, and with a strong degree of probability that the whole are in a state of motion, although we, borne along in the train of succession ourselves, are not capable of discovering the direction in which they march round the orbit of the universe.

We are, as yet, and doubtless ever shall be, without the means of numbering those tenants of the firmament. Every new improvement of the telescope brings within the range of vision, countless multitudes which human eye had never seen before\*. Some stars are double and even triple, that is to say, they appear to us within a barely distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been already discovered, and it is justly supposed that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twin productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their entire completion twelve hundred of our years. Such systems as these give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.

Astronomers conjecture, not without reason, from the analogies of our system, that these suns do not revolve round each other shedding their light in vain; but that each is accompanied by its circle of planets, which being opaque bodies, would of course be forever shrouded from our view by the splendor of their respective orbs of day. This idea leads us to conclude that the stars, which are separated from each other by distances at least as great as that of Uranus from our sun—that is to say, some eighteen hundred millions of miles—have also their respective planets, their Mercuries, their Earths, their Jupiters and Saturns, and are the centres of peculiar systems throughout the whole firmament.

\* For instance  $\epsilon$  in Orion, which is marked in South and Herschel's catalogue as containing two distinct sets of stars, each set triple, as appears in Mr. Barlow's fluid-refracting telescope, is composed of two quadruple sets, with two very fine stars between them, which, as well as the fourth star on each set, had previously escaped the powers of the most finished instruments. Mr. Barlow's telescope has also enabled him to exhibit  $\alpha$  in Perseus, marked double in the same catalogue, as a collection of no fewer than six stars! See *Phil. Trans.* 1831 p. 10. We trust that Mr. Barlow's efforts for the improvement of his telescope may meet with the support which the importance of the subject demands. Were its powers increased only fifty-fold, it is not improbable that, instead of six he might discover a hundred stars, were only one now appears to the unassisted eye.

If those planets be peopled by intelligent beings, as Earth is, and the other planets of the solar system are supposed to be, the contemplation in thought of such myriads of globes with the inhabitants overwhelms the mind.

We have no mode of ascertaining the distance of any one of the stars from the earth. We have measured the circumference which we describe in our annual journey round the sun; we take the diameter of that circle, and with it form the base of a triangle whose vortex should be at the nearest of those luminous bodies. The angle thus formed, however, at the star, would be unappreciable with the most perfect instrument of human invention. Now an angle of one second of a degree is appreciable; consequently the distance of the nearest fixed star must exceed the radius of a circle, one second of whose circumference measures one hundred and ninety millions of miles; that is, it must exceed two hundred times the diameter of the earth's orbit. If the dove that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear with her utmost speed, an olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would therefore still be on her journey: after towering for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not, at this moment, have reached the middle of her destined way.

No machinery has yet been invented, indeed it seems at present impossible that we should ever devise any means, by which we might estimate the magnitude of even the least of the stars, since we never behold their discs. We become sensible of their existence by rays of light, which must have taken, in some instances, probably, a thousand years to reach our globe, although light is known to travel at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. Sirius, the brightest, because perhaps the nearest to us of those luminaries, is conjectured by Dr. Wollaston to give as much light as fourteen suns, each as large as ours. Magnificent, therefore, as the system must be of which Sirius forms the centre, yet we behold no part of it. The planet Saturn, with its appendages of rings and satellites, exhibits, when its rings are visible, a spectacle, which, seen through a telescope of moderate power, we imagine that a half-crown piece would cover.† But an individual gazing through a similar instrument from a planet of Sirius to our sun, might suppose, in the same manner, that he could cover our entire system with a spider's thread. He would set down the sun in his map as a fixed star, but to his eye it would present no variation, as the largest of our planets would not intercept much more than a hundredth part of the sun's surface, and could not therefore, produce any loss of its light of which he could take an estimate. For him this globe of ours, immense as to our finite faculties it seems to be, would have actually no existence. It would not find even a point's place on his chart, and if it were blotted out of space to-morrow, it would never be missed by any of the probably

† The rings have been gradually opening since the 13th of June. In 1839 they will afford as magnificent a spectacle as they did in 1825.



fifty worlds that are bathed in the floods of light which Sirius pours forth. Whose eye is it that watches over our sphere? Whose is the ever-extended arm that maintains it?

The star called Omicron, in the constellation *Cetus*, appears to us only twelve times in eleven years. It is seen in its greatest brightness during a fortnight; it then decreases gradually during three months, when it disappears. After an interval of five months it again becomes visible, and continues increasing during the three remaining months of its period. Another star, that called Algol, or  $\beta$  Persei, continues visible during a period of sixty-two hours, when it suddenly loses its splendor, and, though a star of the second magnitude, becomes reduced to the fourth magnitude in the course of two or three hours. It then begins to increase again, and in three hours and a half it resumes its wonted lustre. Goodricke, who discovered this remarkable fact in 1782, suggests, and his idea is now generally adopted by astronomers; that this variation must be caused by the revolution around Algol, of some opaque body, a planet of its own, which, when interposed between us and the star, cuts off a large portion of its light. It is highly probable that a similar arrangement periodically affects the light of Omicron, though upon a different scale. There are eleven other stars that exhibit analogous phenomena, some of them at intervals of five hundred years, to which we may look forward without danger of mistake—thus opening a vista of futurity. When we reflect upon these facts; and upon the circumstance that the rays by which we may to-night behold the Pleiads, must have left their sources in the time of our Heptarchy, or before it—we feel that the mind which is in this manner enabled to comprehend the existence of myriads of peopled worlds besides our own, and to glance to the past with more than the speed of light itself, must be the creation of some superior Spirit dwelling in eternity.

Placed as we are, according to the opinion of astronomers, in the middle of the strata of systems which animate all space, and favored though we be by supernatural disclosures and by great scientific acquirements, we are nevertheless prone to question whether such systems exist of their own innate vigor, or whether they have been created by a power extrinsic to themselves. If they are discovered to be self-existent, it follows that they must be imperishable. But if they are proved to be perishable, it follows that they cannot be self-existent,

† The same discovery appears to have been made nearly about the same time by Palitzsch, a farmer of Probita, near Dresden—a peasant by station, an astronomer by nature—who, from his familiar acquaintance with the aspect of the heavens, had been led to notice, among so many thousand stars, this one as distinguished from the rest by its variation, and had ascertained its period. The same Palitzsch was also the first to re-discover the predicted comet of Halley in 1759, which he saw nearly a month before any of the astronomers, who, armed with their telescopes, were anxiously watching its return. These anecdotes, bring us back to the age of the Chaldean shepherds. [Sir John Herschel's *Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 381.]

and then they must have been created by an extrinsic power, which power must be Omnipotent from the very nature of its productions. The same power must be self-existent, therefore, since no agency inferior to Omnipotence could have given such a Being birth; and it must be Eternal, as an Omnipotent, Self-existent Being can know neither infancy nor age. Here then, upon an inquiry of the greatest importance to mankind, astronomical facts come to our assistance, which carry with them a force of conviction as strong as any demonstration in mathematics—and stronger than most of the evidence upon which the history of human transactions is founded. The stamp of mortality, the finger of death itself, had been traced upon some of the brightest worlds which have ever yet been seen in the firmament.

In the year 125, B. C., an extraordinary luminary attracted the attention of Hipparchus, which induced him to frame a catalogue of stars, the earliest on record. That star in his time disappeared from the heavens. In A. D. 369, a star blazed forth near  $\alpha$  Aquilæ, remained three weeks as bright as Venus, and then died away. In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, returning home one evening from his observatory to his dwelling-house, was surprised to see a group of people looking in astonishment at a bright star, which he with all his scrutiny of the heavens had never seen before. It shone in the constellation Cassiopeia, was then as bright as Sirius, and for a while was visible even at mid-day. It began to fade in December of the same year, and after exhibiting all the changes of conflagration, disappeared in March, 1574. Was this a satellite of some fixed star, which caught fire, and thus prefigured to us the fate, that, according to the declaration of the prophets, awaits our own world?

"Similar phenomena," says Sir J. Herschel, "though of a less splendid character, have taken place more recently, as in the case of the star of the third magnitude, discovered in 1670, by Anthelm, in the head of the Swan; which after becoming completely invisible, re-appeared, and after undergoing one or two singular fluctuations of light, during two years, at last died away entirely, and has not since been seen. On a careful re-examination of the heavens, too, and a comparison of catalogues, many stars are now found to be missing; and although there is no doubt that these losses have often arisen from mistaken entries, yet, in many instances, it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that the stars have disappeared from the heavens." [*Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 384.]

The existence and death of Alexander the Great,—the rise and fall of the Roman Empire,—the destruction, by earthquake or volcano, of cities, which were once the seat of commerce and the arts,—have been handed down to us upon evidence, in no respect whatever better entitled to our belief, than that upon which the astronomical facts here related by Sir John Herschel, stand recorded. Men who have made it their peculiar occupation for years to observe the changes of the firmament, agree in stating that, in many instances, stars, which were once

familiar to the eye, have ceased to appear, and that, too, for periods which clearly indicates their annihilation. The consequence is obvious and inevitable;—those bodies must have been *created*, otherwise they could not have been liable to decay.¶ They performed their appointed revolutions, and they perished—just as a man lives his predestined number of years, and dies. If created, then there must be some power which gave them existence, and prescribed the laws by which that existence was carried to its close.

### The Shepherd's Resolution.

[This fine old song was written by George Wither, a satirical writer of the times of James and Charles the First. It is extracted from one of his long pastoral poems, entitled "The Mistress of Philætoe," published in 1632.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die, because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May.

If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well disposed nature  
Joined with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
The turtle dove or pelican,

If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well deserving known,  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may merit name of *best*,

If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think, what with them, they would do,  
That without them, dare not woo:

And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair—  
If she love me, this I believe:  
I will die ere she shall grieve.  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go.  
If she be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

¶ We forget whence we extracted the following quaint but expressive lines:

Quenched volcanoes, rifled mountains,  
Ocean driven from land,  
Isles submerged and dried up fountains,  
Empires—whelmed in sand;  
What?—though her doom be yet untold—  
Nature like time is waxing old.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1833.

### AURÆ SENTENTIÆ,

OR EIGHT SETS OF GOLDEN SENTENCES FROM THE RICHEST MINES OF SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

I.

1. I HAVE taken much pains to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but, with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." To this I cleave, and herein I find rest.—*Selden*.

2. What wings are to a bird, oil to wheels, or a load-stone to the needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer; he gives speed to his devotions, activity to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.—*Mason*.

3. The name of Jesus to a believer, is as honey in the mouth, music in the ear, or a jubilee in the heart.—*Ibid*.

4. Death-bed repentance is a sacrifice made to God from the devil's leavings.—*Dean Swift*.

5. The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit.—*Anon*.

6. What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.—*Sibbes*.

7. Lowliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God, in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.—*Boston*.

8. It is safer to be humble with one talent than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.—*Flavel*.

9. Men are out of their right minds until they come, by faith and repentance, to Jesus Christ.—*Bain*.

10. Charity, to the souls of men, is undoubtedly the highest, the noblest, and the most important charity. No one knows how much good he may do by dispensing Bibles and books of piety, which may have a tendency to make men wiser and better. Who can tell but with an expense less than a shilling, you may "convert a sinner from the error of his ways and save a soul from death?" A worse doom than to be condemned to the mines, rests upon that soul who had rather hoard up his money than employ it in such a charity.—*Cotton Mather*.

II.

1. SPIRITUAL sloth leads to spiritual poverty. Corrupt nature doth not always discover its opposition to that which is good by passionate contradiction, but oftentimes too successfully by sloth and sluggishness.—*Anon*.

2. If there were no enemy in the world, nor devil in hell, we carry that within us, that if let loose, will trouble us more than all the world beside.—*Sibbes*.

3. Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.—*Sibbes*.

4. In all worldly joys there is a secret wound.—*Owen*.

5. Unreasonable fears are the sins of our hearts as truly as they are thorns in our sides; they grieve the Holy Spirit.—*Burgess*.

6. One rose upon the bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.—*Ibid*.

7. He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.—*Charnock*.

8. I would rather obey than work miracles.—*Luther*.

9. God will give the men of the world the blessings of his *footstool*, but to his children he gives the blessings of his *throne*.—*Augustine*.

10. Prayer is chiefly a heart work: God heareth the heart without the mouth, but he never heareth the mouth acceptably without the heart. This is lying unto God, and flattering him with the lips, but no true prayer, and so God considers it.—*Marshall*.

## III.

1. How small a portion of our life is it, that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, though indeed we appear to be more engaged in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.—*Anon*.

2. We will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are busied, though in the best and most respected employments in the world, as long as we neglect our best and noblest trade of growing rich in grace and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God.—*Leighton*.

3. Hope and fear are the strongest passions of the mind. The apostle urges the *hope* of that glory which the gospel displays, and *fear* of God as the greatest and most powerful judge. This *fear* is a holy self-suspicion. The more a Christian believes and loves, the more unwilling he is to displease God.—*Leighton*.

4. Is the heart yet unbroken? give it to God, with a desire it may be broken: and if he break it, thou shalt not repent thy gift.—*Ibid*.

5. We may know what Christ has done for us, by what he has done in us.—*Mason*.

6. In Christ the whole gospel is treasured up; he is the light, the food, and the medicine of the soul.—*Ibid*.

7. Patient waiting upon God and importunate calling upon God, are twin sisters, found always in company.—*Ibid*.

8. The law presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it says, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee: thou art wise: thou art safe.—*Benghisus*.

9. Great care must be taken as to the end of our actions; for this, like the altar, sanctifies the gift; as is the end such is the man. He whose end is worldly, is himself earthly; but if God be a man's end, it makes him Godlike.—*Brooks*.

10. Faith must be the root of the divine life—that which causes the branches to spread and the fruits to appear. When I take my morning walk in my garden, after the morning sacrifice has been paid for the countless mercies I have received, and the refreshing sleep I have enjoyed in the night past; and at that beauteous season of the year, when all is health and gaiety and life, and see the leaves just beginning to expand, the flowers to blossom, and the fruits to open their infant bod on the trees; after the first impulse of my admiration has subsided, my next and most improving meditation is on the source to which their beauty and luxuriance and existence are to be traced—that without their First Cause, none of the beauty we admire, none of the fragrance we breathe, none of the fruits, so pleasing to the sight and so good for the taste, ever could be! And as in nature, so in religion, which go hand in hand together—mutually borrowing from and throwing light and strength upon each other. But for the tree of faith, the fruits of virtue and holiness would not vegetate upon, and impart beauty and loveliness to, the moral world. Let them both, then, grow together, and live in harmony one with another; God will bless and multiply them on the earth, and cause them to be transplanted into the Eden of his Paradise, and flourish in immortal bloom

and beauty! Let it ever be our prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

## IV.

1. ALL the snares and temptations of the world are allied to some one or other lusts within us, that suits them as tinder to the fire.—*Boston*.

2. Reason can never show itself more reasonable, than in ceasing to reason about things which are above reason.—*Flavel*.

3. He is the best accountant, who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—*Dillwyn*.

4. Head knowledge and heart experience are not always concomitant.—*Ibid*.

5. No cloud can overshadow the Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bp. Irvine*.

6. Bees never work singly, but always in company, that they may assist each other. A useful hint to Christians.—*Ibid*.

7. Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.—*Cecil*.

8. With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else does but aggravate his folly.—*Young*.

9. A man without discretion, is as a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.—*Dillwyn*.

10. The graces which the Blessed Spirit implants in our hearts, resemble a sundial; which is of little service except when the sun shines upon it. The Holy Spirit must shine upon the graces he has given, or they will leave us at a loss, in point of spiritual comfort, and unable to tell whereabouts we are.—*Toplady*.

## V.

1. THERE is no eloquence so powerful as the address of a holy and consistent life. It shames the accusers. It puts to silence the ignorance of foolish men. It constrains them to admire.—*JAY*.

2. Grace withereth without adversity.—*Rutherford*.

3. Faith makes us draw all our comforts from a fountain that will never fail.—*Halybraton*.

4. Spiritual pleasures only are greater in fruition than expectation.—*Dillwyn*.

5. Humility of mind is neither arrived at, retained, nor increased, by comparing ourselves with others.—*Ibid*.

6. Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?—*Milton*.

7. The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.—*Sibbes*.

8. Only the power that makes a world can make a Christian.—*Wesley*.

9. The true estimate of being is not taken from age, but action.—*Jer. Collier*.

10. Faith is the *hand* by which we embrace, or touch, or reach toward, the garment of Christ's righteousness, for our own justification. A soul who enjoys this, is undoubtedly *safe*. Assurance I consider as the *ring* which God puts upon Faith's finger. A soul who enjoys this is not only *safe*, but also *comfortable* and *happy*. Full assurance we may consider as a brilliant, or cluster of brilliants, which adorns the ring, and renders it incomparably more beautiful and valuable. Where the diamond of full assurance is thus set in the gold of faith, it diffuses its rays of love, joy, peace, and holiness, with a lustre which leaves no room for doubt or darkness. While these high and unclouded consolations remain, the believer's felicity is only inferior to that of angels, or of saints made perfect above. 'Covet' this 'best gift, earnestly.'—*Toplady*.

## VI.

1. God in every dispensation is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances he tries our contentment: in misfortunes, our submission.—*H. More.*

2. Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he *will not*, he is true and faithful, therefore he *cannot*, deceive me: I believe he speaks as he means, and will do what he says.—*Ryland.*

3. God! what more glorious? *Flesh!* what more base? Than God in *flesh!* what more marvellous?—*"Elle étoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses"* "Où le pire destin;—*Augustine.*

4. The Christian's life is in Christ, on Christ, by Christ, to Christ, for Christ, with Christ.—*P. Henry.*

5. He that enquires what is the just value and worth of CHRIST, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and the angels in heaven, to an everlasting nonplus.—*Flavel.*

6. Many things in the course of human life, are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we needed them not, we should hardly meet with them; and if we do need them, we ought not to wish exemption from them.—*Dillwyn.*

7. A man must be deplorably insensible or blind to the depravity of his own heart, who sees not the necessity of supernatural aid to correct its disorders.—*Ibid.*

8. Glory follows afflictions, not as the day follows night, but as the spring follows winter. Winter prepares the earth for spring, and afflictions, sanctified, prepare the soul for glory.—*Sibbes.*

9. No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.—*Fuller.*

10. We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of the church.—*Ibid.*

## VII.

1. True religion is a refuge inaccessible to either the fraud or the violence of men: happy are they who know it to be their shelter in the day of their troubles.—*Dillwyn.*

2. Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not lead them through rough roads; if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks; if the sun and wind do not annoy them; if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true disciple, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth to Naomi, 'whither thou goest I will go; whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.—*Cecil.*

3. The word of the Lord is a lantern to my path and a light to my feet; and I will not, and dare not for my life, step one foot further than I have the lantern going before me. And so far dare I boldly go, though all the world counsel and command me to the contrary.—*Jeha Bradford.*

4. Let Christ be your only comfort, who will teach you to think rightly and to live happily. The world indeed accounts this to be mere folly and distraction; yet happy that fool who is wise unto Christ, and miserable folly is it not to know him.—*Erasmus.*

5. The light of Divine Revelation is the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death.—*Dr. Reid.*

6. The sun shines on the moon and stars, and they shine upon the earth: so doth God shine in his goodness and grace upon us; that we might shine in good works towards all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.—*Sibbes.*

7. As the condemnation of the first Adam passeth not to us, except as by generation we are his, so grace and remission pass not from the second Adam to us, except as by regeneration we are his.—*Flavel.*

8. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do any thing.—*Elliot.*

9. Believers are not promised temporal riches, but they are assured of an aid, which is fully sufficient to reconcile them to their allotment.—*Dillwyn.*

10. Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.—*Fuller.*

## VIII.

1. To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it.—*Fuller.*

2. A high conceit of one's self is no proof of excellence.—*Ibid.*

3. Had our heavenly Father intended this world for his children's portion, their accommodations would be better; but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to a distant home, therefore they must expect *traveler's fare*—which will make home more desirable.—*Anon.*

4. Until we can make a clear distinction between head knowledge and heart experience, we may easily mistake our own works for the work of religion; which, though wrought in us, is not of us.—*Dillwyn.*

5. In religious concerns, every thing which we do of ourselves, independently of divine aid, has a tendency to stop us short of the object we are aiming at; and whatever be the substitute we rely on, whether outward or mental, it is an idol at the time.—*Ibid.*

6. What a mercy it is that no one ever sincerely desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge, our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research, the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.—*Ibid.*

7. Prayer is this—to look into the bible and see what God has promised; to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want, and then, for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.—*Anon.*

8. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be found in Christ, that he might be with Christ, and that he might magnify Christ.—*Anon.*

9. Persons may go far, and yet not far enough; they may be convinced, yet not converted; like king Saul, have another heart, and yet not a new one.—*Jay.*

10. Those who depend on God, shall not want even in a desert.—*Bishop Hall.*

## REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD MAN.

—“At our cottage door

There was a well—the water sweet and clear,  
Far in an old brown bucket was drawn up;  
No other draught in after life has been  
To my parched lips, like that which oft I took  
Out of the bucket! Oh! how cold it was!  
How sweet the labor was to draw it up!  
And when 't was drawn, how oft with eager hand  
'T was thrown away to find some cooler still.

—“I've been to France and quaffed

The rich and noble juice of the pressed grape;  
In every clime and country I have drank  
What other men call nectar; but I still  
Have often quenched my thirst at some rude well,  
Hoping to find it like the one so dear  
To me! But never have I found it—  
And never shall I! There are not two wells  
On earth like that at our dear cottage door—  
'T is said the cottage is in sad decay—  
Ah! when I was a boy, I never thought  
That either that dear cottage or myself  
Could e'er grow old!”

AQUARIUS.

## DEATH OF CICERO.

Cicero was at his Tusculan villa, with his brother and nephew, when he first received the news of the proscription, and of their being included in it. It was the design of the triumvirate to keep it a secret, if possible, to the moment of execution; in order to surprise those whom they had destined to destruction before they were aware of the danger, or had time to escape. But some of Cicero's friends found means to give him early notice of it; on which he set forward presently, with his brother and nephew, towards Astura, the nearest villa which he had on the sea, with intent to transport themselves directly out of the reach of their enemies. But Quintus being wholly unprepared for so sudden a voyage, resolved to turn back with his son to Rome, in confidence of lying concealed till they could provide money and necessities for their support abroad. Cicero, in the mean while, found a vessel ready for him at Astura, in which he presently embarked: but the winds being cross and turbulent, and the sea wholly uneasy to him, after he had sailed two leagues along the coast, he landed at Circeum, and spent a night near that place, in great anxiety and irresolution: the question was, what course he should steer, and whether he should fly to Brutus, or to Cassius, or to S. Pompey; but after all his deliberations, none of them pleased him so much as the expedient of dying; so that, as Plutarch says, he had some thoughts of returning to the city, and hiding himself in Cæsar's house, in order to leave the guilt and curse of his blood on Cæsar's perfidy and ingratitude; but the importunity of his servants prevailed with him to set sail forward to Cajeta, where he went again on shore, to repose himself in his Formian villa, about a mile from the coast, weary of life and the sea, and declaring that he would die in that country which he had so often saved. Here he slept soundly for several hours; though, as some writers tell us, a great number of crows were fluttering all the while, and making a strange noise about his windows, as if to rouse and warn him of his approaching fate; and that one of them made its way into the chamber, and pulled away his very bed-clothes; till his slaves, admonished by this prodigy, and ashamed to see brute creatures more solicitous for his safety than themselves, forced him into his litter or portable chair, and carried him away towards the ship, through private ways and walks of his woods; having just heard that soldiers were already come into the country in quest of him, and not far from the villa. As soon as they were gone, the soldiers arrived at the house, and, perceiving him to be fled, pursued immediately towards the sea, and overtook him in the wood. Their leader was one Popilius Lænas, a tribune or colonel of the army, whom Cæsar had formerly defended in a capital cause. As soon as the soldiers appeared, the servants prepared themselves to fight, being resolved to defend their master's life at the hazard of their own: but Cicero commanded them to set him down, and to make no resistance: then looking on his executioners with a presence and firmness which almost daunted them, and thrusting his neck as forwardly as he could out of the litter, he bade them do their work, and take what they wanted: on which they presently cut off his head, and both his hands, and returned with them, in haste and great joy, towards Rome, as the most agreeable present which they could possibly carry to Antony. Popilius charged himself with the conveyance, without reflecting on the infamy of carrying that head which had saved his own: he found Antony in the forum, surrounded with guards and crowds of people: but on showing from a distance the spoils which he brought, he was rewarded on the spot with the honour of a crown, and about eight thousand pounds sterling. Antony ordered the head to be fixed on the rostrum, between the two hands; a sad spectacle to the city, and

what drew tears from every eye, to see those mangled members, which used to exert themselves so gloriously from that place, in defence of the lives, fortunes, and liberties of the Roman people, so lamentably exposed to the scorn of sycophants and traitors. The deaths of the rest, says an historian of that age, caused only a private and particular sorrow, but Cicero's a universal one: it was a triumph over the republic itself; and seemed to confirm and establish the perpetual slavery of Rome. Antony considered it as such; and, satiated with Cicero's blood, declared the proscription at an end.

He was killed on the 7th of December, about ten days from the settlement of the triumvirate, after he had lived sixty-three years, eleven months and five days.

## BIOGRAPHY.

MARSHAL NEY was perhaps, next to Napoleon, the greatest of the generals produced by the French Revolution. When the French people, goaded to desperation by the minions of a long line of besotted and voluptuous monarchs, the oppression of an overbearing and privileged aristocracy, and the arrogance of a proud and dissolute hierarchy, at length threw off the yoke under which they had groaned during so many centuries, and proclaimed an equality of political rights, all the other powers of Europe united to put down the principles which had led to this event. The revolutionary spirit, thus pressed upon and hemmed in on all sides, acquired tenfold energy, and burst like a torrent through the barriers opposed to it, over-running the whole of continental Europe, throwing down the longest established thrones, and sweeping away, in its impetuous course, the very foundations of the most ancient social edifices. This ill-judged opposition to the rights of between twenty and thirty millions of people, changed the aspect of the whole civilized world, and from it sprang a race of warriors who, seconded by the military spirit inherent in the French nation, subdued every country in Europe, save only Great Britain, protected by her navies and her insular situation. Among the "first and foremost" of these warriors stood MICHAEL NEY, the son of a cooper at Sarrelouis, a small town on the Rhine. He was born in 1769, when the debauchery of Louis XV. had exhausted the finances of his country—when the mistresses of this monarch appointed his ministers, his ambassadors, and his generals, and made the government of a great and high-minded people pander to their profligacy. Ney became a soldier in 1787, a short time before the meeting of the States-General, and the wonders effected by the astounding eloquence of Mirabeau.

From the moment the privileges of the aristocracy were abolished, and military promotion was opened to all classes of the community, Ney's career was as rapid as it was brilliant. He gave proof of surpassing genius throughout the French campaigns in Germany and in Switzerland; he displayed diplomatic talents of a high order, under the guidance and the instructions of the celebrated Charles Maurice Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs to the French Republic—and certainly the greatest diplomatist of this or perhaps any former age.

Michael Ney was appointed Marshal of the French Empire, in his thirty-fifth year; and from that period he shared, day by day, in all the glories and perils of Napoleon. As he was no party man, but devoted wholly to his country, whatever its form of government, he lent his sword and talents to the chief whom it had chosen. This was his principle through life, and it accounts for his serving Louis XVIII. in 1814, as well as for his joining his former master and friend when he found his efforts to oppose him unavailing—when the whole of his army had gone over to Napoleon, and the positive will of the nation, afterwards put down by

the united armies of Europe, recalled the exile of Elba to the imperial throne.

The talents, the dauntless valour, the high-minded generosity, and the considerate kindness of Ney, are proverbial in the French army; and he dwells in the memory of the veterans who served under him, like one of the heroes or demigods of old.

From Ney's activity and daring spirit, combined with consummate skill and prudence, and from his particular talent in providing for the wants of the troops, without oppressing the inhabitants of the countries overrun by the French armies, he was generally employed by the vanguard—a circumstance which led to the error, in which even many of his own countrymen share, that he was a mere soldier of action, excellent in leading an attack, but devoid of the high acquirements, extensive knowledge, and strategic skill so necessary to wield and manœuvre large masses of soldiers. This mistaken notion has been strengthened by some of his old companions in arms, who now attempt to vituperate his memory, because he would not allow them, when under his command to practise that system of robbery and plunder which disgraced the French armies in the countries through which they passed, whether as friends or foes, and by means of which some of Napoleon's generals acquired immense wealth. These men, since Ney's death, have attempted to undervalue his talents as a commander. Others, with a view of elevating themselves, have sought to found a military reputation at the expense of his; and among the latter, is a certain General Jomini, aid-de-camp to the late Emperor Alexander, a Swiss by birth, and a flippancy writer about campaigns and battles. Ney, having met with him in Switzerland in an almost destitute condition, made him enter the French service, brought him rapidly forward, and ultimately placed him at the head of his staff. Jomini now pretends that while filling this situation, he was Marshal Ney's providence; that he constantly directed all the brilliant achievements of which his general obtained the credit, and got Ney out of all the scrapes into which his deficiencies as a commander were continually leading him. Now, supposing this contemptible rhodomontade to be true, how happens it that this same General Jomini has never distinguished himself by his military talents since he left Ney to enter the service of Russia? His name is quite unknown, even among the third and fourth-rate generals of the day. Surely he cannot allege the want of opportunity; for in the service of no European state is high military talent made more available than in that of Russia.

The truth is, Ney never asked the advice either of his staff collectively, or of its officers in particular, on those grand and extraordinary movements by which he often baffled and defeated an enemy of vastly superior force. They were the rapid inspirations of his own instinctive genius, and to this may perhaps be attributed the almost unvaried success that attended them. With regard to his skill as a theoretical as well as a practical warrior, he was unquestionably superior to every other officer in the French service, even to Massena, by many considered the best of Napoleon's generals. This may appear, to some, a very hazardous assertion; it is nevertheless true. Marshal Ney was second only to the Emperor, who on many important occasions, even yielded to his opinions.

Ney's retreat from Russia, in 1813, was a masterpiece of strategy; it is equal to any thing of the kind ever performed by the greatest generals of ancient or modern times, and will hold a prominent place in the military annals of the nineteenth century. That Ney united profound science to the experience of a life of active warfare, is placed beyond a doubt by the manuscripts left in his own hand writing, containing his observations upon the various campaigns in which he

served, and also his military studies for the use of his own officers, when he commanded the camp of Montreuil. To this we may add, that he first improved upon the old system of military tactics, and founded the system now followed by the French armies.

In defiance of a solemn capitulation, Marshal Ney was imprisoned as a traitor, and adjudged to die by the members of a faction who had sold their country. These men had fixed his doom before they came to the judgment seat; it was sealed by their iniquitous sentence, and "the bravest of the brave" was judicially murdered at the back of the Luxembourg, on the 7th of December, 1815. He died as he had lived, a man of heroic courage and unshaken firmness. His death will ever remain a foul blot, not only upon the then government of his country, but upon those foreign governments which might and ought to have interfered to prevent such a catastrophe. This view of the case will doubtless be declared erroneous by men of the present day, imbued with the blind vindictiveness of party feeling; but it will surely be the one taken in after ages, when time shall have effaced every vestige of such feeling. Then will the name of Marshal Ney rise pure and imperishable, and justice be done by the whole world to the memory of one who died a felon's death, only because he loved his country too well, and the person of his king less.

#### DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

Until his sixty-third year, Mohammed had sustained with unabated vigour the temporal and spiritual fatigues of his mission. The infirmities of age had not impaired his constitution, though his health had suffered a gradual decline. His mortal disease was a fever, of which he was seized in the house of Zainab, one of his wives, while giving directions to Asama to lead an expedition into Palestine to avenge the death of Zeid, who had earned the crown of martyrdom at the battle of Muta. Finding his malady increase, he requested to be conveyed to the mansion of his favorite Ayesha, whose tenderness might sooth his last moments. To her he expressed his serious conviction that he owed the cause of his distemper to the poisoned mutton at Khaibar. For three days he suffered the tortures of an intense and insupportable heat, which deprived him at intervals of the use of reason. This paroxysm was succeeded by a more favorable animus, and he recovered so far as to officiate at prayers in the mosque.—His audience were edified by a penitential acknowledgment of his willingness to make restitution to such as he might have unconsciously wronged. "If there be any man whom I have unjustly accused, I offer my back to the lash of retaliation. If I have aspersed his reputation, let him proclaim my faults. If I have taken his money, or despoiled him of his goods, I am ready to give the little I possess to compensate his loss.—Let my accuser make his demand; it is not my disposition to resent the claims of justice." "Yes," exclaimed a voice from the crowd, "you owe me three drachms of silver." Mohammed immediately discharged the debt, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. To his latest hour, and amidst sorrow and suffering, he continued to act the character of the Prophet; evincing at the closing scene of mortality the same remarkable fortitude and presence of mind that he had displayed on the field of battle. In one instance only did the violence of disease betray his wandering faculties into a momentary illusion, when he called for pen and ink, that he might write a book for the better instruction of his followers and therein to consummate the work of revelation.—The proposal was startling, and met with opposition, as the Koran was deemed sufficient; the chamber of sickness was disturbed by an unreasonable dispute, until the dying Prophet was



forced to reprimand the indecent vehemence of his disciples. Unwilling that his attendants should witness the recurrence of his infirmities, he ordered all persons to be excluded from his apartment; and the last three days of his existence were spent in the exclusive society of Ayesha.—Tradition, which disfigured his life with romance, has left us to contemplate the circumstances of his death through a cloud of superstitious incense. If we are to place the slightest credit on the evidence of his only companion, he received more incontestable proofs to establish the truth of his mission at its termination than in any former period.—Gabriel made regular visits of condolence and inquiry after his health. The angel of death was not permitted to separate his soul from his body till he had respectfully solicited permission to enter his chamber. The request was granted, and the last office performed with all the deference of a servant to the command of his master. When the moment of his departure approached, his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha; he fainted in the agony of pain, but recovering his spirits, and raising his eyes with a steady look towards the roof of the apartment, he uttered with a faltering voice the following broken and scarcely articulate expressions:—"O God!—pardon me—have pity—Yes,—receive me—among my fellow citizens on high!" and immediately expired on a carpet spread on the floor. The particular year of his death has been disputed; but the best authors fix it to the 12th, of Rebiah I, in the eleventh year of the Hejira, corresponding to the 17th June, A. D. 632.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XIII. History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern Vol.*

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

### THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The deep blue Sea! how fair it seems,  
When gleaming in the morning beams,  
And silver cloude, like sunny dreams,  
Glide o'er its placid breast.  
The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave,  
As silent as the banks they lave,  
For every wind sleeps in its cave,  
Each billow is at rest!

The dark blue Sea! how pure and bright,  
When resting in the hush of night,  
Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,  
So fair and yet so cold.  
The twinkling stars, far downward peep,  
Reflected in the tranquil deep,  
Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,  
Like mantle decked with gold!

The proud blue Sea! when winds are high,  
And darkness gathers o'er the sky,  
And the frail bark unconsciously  
Is swiftly onward borne;  
Then like a lion roused, at length  
It strikes its main in pride of strength,  
And its wild roar, from shore to shore,  
Resounds, as if in scorn!

The wild blue Sea! how fearful now  
To gaze upon its furious brow,  
And list the dreary waves that plough  
Its billows mountains high!  
Now death and danger seem to ride,  
Presiding o'er the foaming tide,  
And Ocean drowns, with voice of pride,  
The seaman's strangling cry!

The calm blue Sea! how still the wave,  
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,  
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave,  
Far 'mongst the waters free!  
O how sublime must be the power  
Of Him who bids the tempest lower,  
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,  
Thou glorious dark blue Sea!

### FABLES OF THE ANCIENTS.

**ÆNEAS, THE TROJAN PRINCE.**—This celebrated personage was said to be the son of Venus, although his father was a Trojan by the name of Anchises. During the ten years' siege of Troy by the Greeks, Æneas behaved with great valour in defence of his country; and when the city was finally taken and in flames, he carried away upon his shoulders his aged father, and the statues of his household gods, leading in his hand his son Ascanius, and leaving his wife to follow behind. He afterwards equipped a fleet of twenty ships, in which he embarked, with the fugitives from Troy, in search of a new country. After a seven years' cruise, they finally landed in Italy, and founded the Italian nation. His filial piety has rendered him more celebrated than even his martial achievements.

"More valour, mix'd with greater piety.  
Than was in him, the world could ne'er descry;  
Who on his shoulders, with triumphant joy,  
Bore his old father from the flames of Troy."

*Moral*.—Filial affection and duty are evidence of a great mind.

**ARACHNE'S NEEDLE-WORK.**—The fair Arachne, a female of Colophon, was the daughter of Idmon, a dyer. She challenged Minerva to a trial of skill with the needle, and represented on her work the amours of Jupiter with Europa, Antiope, Leda, Asteria, Danaë, Alcmena, &c. But though her piece was perfect and masterly, she was defeated by Minerva, and hanged herself in despair, and was changed into a spider by the goddess. It is probable that she still continues her favourite vocation of making curious webs. Let our fair votaries of the needle be careful how they challenge goddesses to a trial of skill.

"To whom Minerva gave a fatal doom,  
For her contending at the skillful loom,  
The nymphs of Tmolus off their vines forsook,  
The sweet Pactolian nymphs their streams, to look  
On her rare work, nor more delight in viewing  
The done (done with such grace) than when adorning."

**ARGUS, THE WATCHFUL.**—As this celebrated personage had an hundred eyes, of which only two were ever asleep at one time, Juno commissioned him to watch Io, with whom Jupiter was enamoured. The vigilance of Argus being somewhat annoying to Jupiter, he caused him to be slain by Mercury, who first lulled all his eyes to sleep with the sound of his lyre. After this Juno put his eyes on the tail of her favorite bird, the peacock, where they can be seen to this day. Such is the brief history of Argus, of whom the poet says,

"Io's jealous guard,  
Whose hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;  
Whereof at once, by turns, two only slept,  
The others watch'd, and still their stations kept."

**ACHILLES, THE WARRIOR.**—This intrepid chief is represented as the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. During his infancy, his mother, Thetis, is said to have plunged him into the waters of the river Styx, and thereby made every part of his body invulnerable, except the heel, by which she held him. His education was entrusted to the centaur Chiron, who taught him the art of war, and made him master of music; and, by feeding him with the marrow of wild beasts, rendered him vigorous and active. Vulcan, at the entreaties of Achilles's mother, made the young hero a strong suit of armour, which was proof against all weapons. He slew Hector, the bulwark of Troy, tied the corpse by the heels to his chariot, and dragged it three times round the walls of Troy. In the tenth year of the war, Achilles was charmed with Polyxena; and, as he solicited her hand in the temple of Minerva,

it is said that Paris aimed an arrow at his vulnerable heel, which inflicted a wound that caused his death.—Thus perished the brave Achilles—

"He whom the silver-footed goddess bore,  
That brave attemptive spirit, that could feel  
Death's wounding stroke at no place but his heel;  
Swift as the dart he cast, as arrows fleet,  
Who, though he best could, least would use his feet,  
He, for whose arms, such scorn debate did rise,  
That Ajax would not live without the prize."

*Moral*.—Never make love in church.

**APOLLO, GOD OF MUSIC.**—This deity is generally represented with a lyre or a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows suspended at his back. He was worshipped as the god of medicine, music, poetry and the fine arts, and was supposed to be the son of Jupiter and Latona, born in the floating island of Delos. The chaste Diana was his sister, and the fable probably alludes to the sun and moon. The poets have called him the "laureat god," the "unshorn deity," the Delian god; the Lycian, Delphian, Clarian, Leucadian deity. Also, the "master of the Delphian oracle," the president of verse, &c.

— "By whose instinctive rays are seen  
What is, what shall be, or hath ever been,  
Immortal verse from his invention springs,  
And how to strike the well-concurring strings."

**ANGER.**—It was a memorable saying of Peter the Great, "I have civilized my country, but I cannot civilize myself." He was at times vehement and impetuous, and committed, under the impulse of his fury, the most unwarrantable excesses; yet we learn that even he was known to tame his anger, and to rise superior to the violence of his passions. Being one evening in a select company, when something was said which gave him great offence, his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to its utmost pitch; though he could not command his first emotions, he had resolution enough to quit the company. He walked bare-headed for some time, under the most violent agitation, in an intense frosty air, stamping on the ground, and beating his head with all the marks of the greatest fury and passion; and did not return to the company until he was quite composed.

Lord Somers was naturally of a choleric disposition; and the most striking part of his character was the power of controlling his passion at the moment when it seemed ready to burst forth. Swift, in his "Four last years of Queen Anne," has in vain endeavoured to blacken this amiable part of that great man's character; as what the dean mistook for a severe censure, has proved the greatest panegyric. "Lord Somers being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those whom he converses with, from his own example, to keep within the bounds of decency; and it is indeed true, that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence to himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage, in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner."

An Arabian merchant, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the governor of Maastricht for justice: the governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his petition. "Because," said the judge, "you were always

drunk when I saw you." But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for several years, the judge replied, "the drunkenness with which you were overtaken, is the most dangerous of all—it is the drunkenness of ANGER."

What is a Love Match? A love match is like that childish toy which consists of various boxes enclosed one within another, and yet contains nothing, after all. I wonder where experience got its reputation! It has been very easily obtained, but it does not deserve it. They say it teaches fools; it may teach them, but they do not learn. Every year one sees a young woman in a white gown, and a young man in a blue coat, adventuring on what is called "the happiest day of one's life;" so called, perhaps, as they are never very particularly happy afterwards. Equally, every year, does one witness couples who in like manner begin in blue and white continue in green and yellow melancholy; yet no one takes warning by the example; all seem to expect a miracle from fate in their own favor—what business they have to expect it I don't know; but we do flatter ourselves strangely. I must, however, do fate the justice to acknowledge its strict impartiality—all are disappointed alike.—*Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1834.*

**COURAGE AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.**—Some winters back, in a part of the vast forest that stretches along the Upper Norwegian frontier, were travelling two gentlemen—one a native, the other an Englishman. They had gone on the day many weary miles through the waste of snow and forest, when climbing a steep ascent, some two hours' ride from the place of their destination, they left the sledge and walked, thereby relieving the horse, and at the same time stretching their own cramped limbs. A large dog (a cross of the bull and mastiff, and English bull) trotted slowly at their heels, and appeared to share with them the gloom which the monotonous gloom of a winter forest never fails to cast over even the most volatile disposition. Having attained the hill top, the travellers, at the moment of re-entering the sledge, perceived a wolf of gigantic size following in their track. They dragged the dog, who was a great favourite, into the sledge with them, and put the horse to his full speed. As, by inconceivable imprudence, they had ventured unarmed in the forest, their only chance of safety was flight, and, while the descent was in their favour, they outstripped their pursuer; but the horse, though winged by fear, as his dropped ears and quivering limbs too plainly told, was already jaded: he soon slackened his speed, and faint and trembling he staggered feebly onward, his strength rapidly deserting him. One only resource now remained, which was to slip the dog, who might possibly hold the wolf in check sufficient time to allow of their escape. However reluctant to consign the poor animal to certain death, self-preservation forced them to adopt this last and only expedient. The wolf was within a few yards when they loosed him, and instantly the two had grappled, and rolled struggling on the snow. As if he knew that life was at stake, the horse now sprang forward desperately, and never paused in his career until he fell expiring in the court yard of ——. That night, while in ease and security the travellers were forgetting their danger, a faint moan was heard at the gate. It was the dog. Covered with blood and wounds, the faithful creature crawled to his master's feet and expired. The wood was searched next morning, and in a spot where the up-torn snow attested the length and fierceness of the conflict, the wolf was found dead. He was the largest seen in those parts within the memory of man.

Engraving of a Ship, on the Starboard Head.

Engraving of the Temple of Concord, &c. &c.





**Gallery of Algaby, on the Simplon Road.**



**Interior of the Temple of Concord, &c. Rome.**